THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MOSES, DEBORAH, HANNAH, DAVID, SOLOMON, JONAH, HEZEKIAH, HABAKKUK,

&c. &c. &c.

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhow,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend! and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich Expreſſion wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete-----
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry ſpring erect its head-----
My call is favour'd, Time, from firſt to laſt,
Unwinds his years; the preſent ſees the paſt:
I view the circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.

GIFT OF POETRY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

BACCHUS:

OR,

THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leiſure,
(Iö Bacchus, king of pleaſure)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thouſand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite vines in Leſbos' Iſle.
The god returning e'er they dy'd,
"Ah! ſee my jolly Fawns," he cry'd,
"The leaves but hardly born are red,
"And the bare arms for pity ſpread:
"The beaſts afford a rich manure,
"Fly my boys to bring the cure,
"Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
"Thro' the woods, and down the dales;
"For this, if full the cluſter grow,
"Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow."
So cheer'd with more officious haſte,
They bring the dungs of every beaſt;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bear,
They lay the rich manure with care,

While oft' he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft' the red reward.
The plants refreſh'd, new leaves appear,
The thick'ning cluſters load the year,
The ſeaſon ſwiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling, deep with blue.
A vineyard ripe, a day ſerene
Now call them all to work again;
The Fawns thro' ev'ry furrow ſhoot
To load their flaſkets with the fruit,
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jolly god.
Strow the roſes, raiſe the ſong,
See the maſter comes along!
Luſty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after;
The Fawns aſide the vats remain,
To ſhew the work and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They ſit to riot on the ground:
A veſſel ſtands amidſt the ring,
And there they laugh, and there they ſing,
Or riſe a jolly, jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand,
Dance about and ſhout amain,
Then ſit to laugh and ſing again:
Thus they drink, and thus they play
fun and all their wits away.

But as an ancient author ſung,
The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung
From ev'ry creature, ſtrangely drew
A tang of brutal nature too:
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour ſeiz'd the Fawns.
Here one was crying out By Jove,
Another Fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in theſe.
Another grins and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he;
Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind,
Theſe take the monkey's turn of mind.
Here one, who ſaw the Nymphs that ſtood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the ſhade,
While looſe diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked Nature'sraineſt phraſes,
And ev'ry glaſs he drinks enjoys
With change of nonſenſe, luſt, and noiſe;
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain,
Such as theſe the Goat retain.
Another drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup,

Is very ſilent and ſedate,
Ever long and ever late;
Full of meats and full of wine,
This takes his temper from a ſwine.
There ſome, who hardly ſeem to breathe,
Drink and hang the jaw beneath;
Gaping, tender, apt to weep,
Their nature's alter'd by the ſheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,
(If what the poets ſay be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feaſt,
Inclin'd to one or other beaſt;
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Leſbos' Iſle.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE,

Anno 1713.

Mother of Plenty, daughter of the Skies,
Sweet Peace, the troubled world's deſire, ariſe;
Around thy Poet weave thy ſummer ſhades,
Within my fancy ſpread thy flow'ry meads,
Amongſt thy train ſoft Eaſe and Pleaſure bring,
And thus indulgent ſooth me whilſt I ſing.
Great Anna claims the ſong; no brighter name
Adorns the liſt of never-dying Fame;

No fairer ſoul was ever form'd above,
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with ſpeed
To ſing ſuch lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war diſpers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown;
And if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
" So fell the lines which ſtrove for endleſs fame,
" Yet fell attempting on the nobleſt theme."
Now twelve revolving years has Britain ſtood,
With loſs of wealth and vaſt expenſe of blood,
Europa's guardian; ſtill her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full ſucceſs, and juſt applauſe,
Purſu'd her marches and adorn'd her cauſe;
Whilſt Gaul, aſpiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own,
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies ſlain,
And ſunk the thought of univerſal reign.
When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations juſtly die:
Pow'r finds its balance, giddy motions ceaſe
In both the ſcales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occaſion Providence prepares
To anſwer pious Anna's hourly pray'rs,
Which ſtill on warm devotion's wings aroſe,
And, reaching heav'n, obtain'd the world's repoſe.

Within the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace ſhines, whoſe ſilver ray
Serenely flowing lights the Milky Way,
The road of angels: here, with ſpeedy care,
The ſummon'd guardians of the world repair,
When Britain's angel, on the meſſage ſent,
Speaks Anna's pray'rs, and Heav'n's ſupreme intent,
That War's deſtructive arm ſhould humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to diff'rent monarchs fall,
The grand alliance, crown'd with glory, ceaſe,
And joyful Europe finds the ſweets of peace.
He ſpoke; the ſmiling hopes of man's repoſe,
The joy that ſprings from certain hopes aroſe
Diffuſive o'er the place; complacent airs
Sedately ſweet were heard within the ſpheres;
And bowing, all adore the ſov'reign mind,
And fly to execute the work deſign'd.
This done, the guardian on the wing repairs
Where Anna ſat revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought: unſeen he ſtood,
Preſenting peaceful images of good
On Fancy's airy ſtage; returning trade,
A ſunk Exchequer fill'd, an army paid,
The fields with men, the men with plenty, bleſt,
The towns with riches, and the world with reſt.
Such pleaſing objects on her boſom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day,

When all her labours at their harveſt ſhown,
Shall in her ſubjects' joy complete her own.
Then breaking ſilence, " Tis enough," ſhe cries,
" That war has rag'd to make the nations wiſe:
" Heav'n proſpers armies whilſt they fight to ſave,
" And thirſt of further fame deſtroys the brave;
" The vanquiſh'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
" And but eſcap'd the chains they meant to give.
" Now let the pow'rs be ſtill'd, and each poſſeſt
" Of what ſecures the common ſafety beſt."
So ſpake the Queen, then, fill'd with warmth divine,
She call'd her Oxford to the grand deſign;
Her Oxford! prudent in affairs of ſtate,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifeſtly great
In ev'ry turn, whoſe ſteady temper ſteers
Above the reach of gold or ſhock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit underſtood
By frequent trials, pow'r of doing good,
And will to execute, advanc'd on high;
O Soul created to deſerve the ſky!
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, ſee
How much it rais'd itſelf by raiſing thee!
Now let the ſchemes which labour in thy breaſt,
The long alliance bleſs with laſting reſt;
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the ſep'rate int'reſts of the cauſe.
Theſe toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius faſhion'd for the greateſt ends,

Whoſe ſtrong perception takes the ſwifteſt flight,
And yet its ſwiftneſs ne'er obſcures its ſight:
When ſchemes are fix'd, and each aſſign'd a part,
None ſerves his country with a nobler heart;
Juſt thoughts of honour all his mind control,
And expedition wings his lively ſoul.
On ſuch a patriot to confer the truſt,
The monarch knows it ſafe as well as juſt.

Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtain the voice,
She, from the liſt of high-diſtinguiſh'd fames,
With pious Briſtol gallant Strafford names;
One form'd to ſtand a church's firm ſupport,
The other fitted to adorn a court;
Both vers'd in bu'sneſs, both of fine addreſs,
By which experience leads to great ſucceſs:
And both to diſtant lands the monarch ſends,
And to their conduct Europe's peace commends.

Now ſhips unmoor'd to waft her agents o'er
Spread all their ſail, and quit the flying ſhore.
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
The Congreſs opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war like ſtormy winter flies,
When fairer months unveil the blueiſh ſkies,
A flow'ry world the ſweeteſt ſeaſon ſpreads,
And doves with branches flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul, whom num'rous ills deſtroy,
With wiſhful heart attends the promis'd joy.

For this prepares the Duke—Ah! ſadly ſlain,
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verſe repairs the vital flame,
For verſe can only grant a life in fame;
Yet could my praiſe, like ſpicy odours ſhed,
In everlaſting ſong embalm the dead,
To realms that weeping heard the loſs I'd tell
What courage, ſenſe, and faith, with Brandon fell.
 But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And poliſh'd Talbot to the charge ſucceeds,
Whoſe far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glaſſes draw their diſtant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And ſtores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thouſand rays:
To ſerve his nation, at his Queen's command
He parts, commiſſion'd for the Gallic land:
With pleaſure Gaul beholds him on her ſhore,
And learns to love a name ſhe fear'd before.
 Once more aloft there meet for new debates
The guardian angels of Europa's ſtates,
And mutual concord ſhines in ev'ry face,
And ev'ry boſom glows with hopes of peace,
While Britain's ſteps in one conſent they praiſe,
Then gravely mourn their other realms' delays,
Their doubtful claims thro' ſeas of blood purſu'd,
Their fears that Gallia fell but half ſubdu'd,

And all the reas'nings which attempt to ſhow
That war ſhould ravage in the world below.
" Ah! fall'n eſtate of man! can rage delight!
" Wounds pleaſe the touch, or ruin charm the ſight!
" Ambition make unlovely miſchief fair!
" Or ever pride be Providence's care!
" When ſtern oppreſſors range the bloody field,
" 'Tis juſt to conquer, and unſafe to yield:
" There ſave the nations; but no more purſue,
" Nor in thy turn become oppreſſor too."
" Our rebel angels for ambition fell,
" And war in heav'n produc'd a fiend in hell."
Thus, with a ſoft concern for man's repoſe,
The tender guardians join to moan our woes,
Then awful riſe, combin'd with all their might,
To find what fury, 'ſcap'd the den of Night,
The pleaſing labours of their love withſtands,
And ſpreads a wild diſtraction o'er the lands;
Their glitt'ring pinions ſound in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's ſoil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
The fiend, impetuous Diſcord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal ſeat. With full reſort
Stern ſhapes of horror throng'd her buſy court,
Blind Miſchief, Ambuſh, cloſe concealing Ire,
Loud Threat'nings, Ruin, arm'd with ſword and fire,
Aſſaulting Fierceneſs, Anger wanting breath,
High redd'ning Rage, and various forms of death,

Dire imps of darkneſs, whom with gore ſhe feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallic armour, call'd, with alter'd name,
Great love of Empire, to the field ſhe came;
Now, ſtill ſupporting feud, ſhe ſtrives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the ſide;
But as ſhe whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground,
(A ſullen, joyleſs ſport) with ſearching eye
The ſhining chiefs regard her as they fly;
Then hov'ring, dart their beams of heav'nly light;
She ſtarts, the fury ſtands confeſs'd to ſight,
And grieves to leave the ſoil, and yells aloud;
Her yells are anſwer'd by the ſable crowd,
And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
From Chriſtian lands to Northern climates flew.
  But riſing murmurs from Britannia's ſhore
With ſpeed recall her watchful guardian o'er.
He ſpreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
Theſe hints in ſcatter'd words aſſault his ear;
" The people's pow'r—The grand alliance croſt;
" The peace is ſep'rate—Our religion's loſt."
Led by the blatant voice along the ſkies,
He comes where Faction over cities flies;
A talking fiend, whom ſnaky locks diſgrace,
And num'rous mouths deform her duſky face,
Whence lies are utter'd, whiſper ſoftly ſounds,
ly doubts amaze, c nuendo wounds :

Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets ſeen,
And theſe blaſpheme the Saviour, thoſe the Queen;
Aſſociate vices: thus with tongue and hand
She ſhed her venom o'er the troubled land.
Now vex'd that Diſcord, and the baneful train
That tends on Diſcord, fled the neighb'ring plain,
She rag'd to madneſs when the guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a ſword of flame;
A mountain gaping to the nether hell
Receiv d the fury railing as ſhe fell;
The mountain cloſing o'er the fury lies,
And ſtops her paſſage where ſhe means to riſe,
And when ſhe ſtrives or ſhifts her ſide for eaſe,
All Britain rocks amidſt her circling ſeas.

Now Peace returning after tedious woes,
Reſtores the comforts of a calm repoſe:
Then bid the warriors ſheath their ſanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets ceaſe to ſoud alarms,
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red ſtreaming colours furl around the ſpear,
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But pleas'd with reſt unharneſs all the war.

She comes, the bleſſing comes; where'er ſhe moves
New ſpringing beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flow'rs the fields adorn,
More ſweet the birds ſalute the roſy morn,
More lively green refreſhes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corr in [illegible] thickly waves.

She comes, the bleſſing comes in eaſy ſtate,
And forms of brightneſs all around her wait:
Here ſmiling Safety, with her boſom bare,
Securely walks, and cheerful Plenty there;
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' ſight,
There liberal Arts, which make the world polite,
And open Traffic, joining hand in hand
With honeſt Induſtry, approach the land.
O welcome, long deſir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy ſeat upon the Britiſh ground;
Thy ſhining train around the nation ſend,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:
While caution calm, yet ſtill prepar'd for arms,
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms;
While equal Juſtice, hearing ev'ry cauſe,
Makes ev'ry ſubject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
Let public ſafety reſt at Anna's feet;
Let Oxford's ſchemes the path to plenty ſhow,
And thro' the realm increaſing plenty go:
Let arts and ſciences in glory riſe,
And, pleas'd the world has leiſure to be wiſe,
Around their Oxford and their St. John ſtand,
Like plants that flouriſh by the maſter's hand;
And ſafe in hope the ſons of Learning wait
Where Learning's ſelf has fix'd her fair retreat:
Let traffic, cheriſh'd by the ſenate's care,
On all the ſeas employ the waſting air;

And Induſtry, with circulating wing,
Thro' all the land the goods of Traffic bring.
The bleſſings ſo diſpos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preſide;
Great Ormond's arms the ſword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting ſhield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat
By fair diſpatch with ev'ry foreign ſtate;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably ſhown,
Makes Juſtice call his firm decrees her own.
  Thus all that poets fancied heav'n of old
May for the nation's preſent emblem hold:
There Jove imperial ſway'd, Minerva wiſe,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the ſkies;
On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in heav'nly ſtate;
Yet ſharing labours, ſtill they ſhun'd repoſe,
To ſhed the bleſſings down by which they roſe.
  Illuſtrious Queen! how Heav'n hath heard thy pray'rs!
What ſtores of happineſs attend thy cares!
A church in ſafety fix'd, a ſtate in reſt,
A faithful miniſtry, a people bleſt,
And kings ſubmiſſive at thy footſtool thrown,
That others' rights reſtore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind, and rolling flow,
In grand proceſſion to the temple go,

By ſnow-white horſes drawn, while ſounding Fame
Proclaims thy coming, praiſe exalts thy name,
Fair Honour dreſt in robes adorns thy ſtate,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait,
Who preſſing view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of majeſty compoſe thy face,
And mingling ſweetneſs ſhines, or how thy dreſs,
And how thy pomp an inward joy confeſs;
Then fill'd with pleaſures to thy glory due,
With ſhouts, the chariot moving on, purſue.
As when the phœnix from Arabia flown,
(If any phœnix were like Anna known)
His ſpice at Phœbus' ſhrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way,
The gath'ring birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his ſhape, and much his hue,
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His ſpacious train with golden feathers ſpread,
His gilded boſom ſpeck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in gloſſy purple dy'd;
He ſtill purſues his way, with wond'ring eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.
Thrice happy Britons! if at laſt you know
'Tis leſs to conquer than to want a foe;
That triumphs ſtill are made for war's decreaſe,
When men by conqueſt riſe to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd the world is pleas'd, and war is done.

Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble ſeat,
Blaregni's deſp'rate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war purſu'd
By wounds and deaths thro' plains with blood embru'd;
But good deſign to make the world be ſtill
With human grace adorns the needful ill.
This end obtain'd we cloſe the ſcenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the riſing age.
Such gentler glories, ſuch reviving days,
The nation's wiſhes and the ſtateſman's praiſe,
Now pleas'd to ſhine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our ſong.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the ſkies,
(The fame of Albion ſo deſerves to riſe)
And deep engrav'd for time, till time ſhall ceaſe,
Upon the ſtones their fair inſcription place.
Iberia rent, the pow'r of Gallia broke,
Batavia reſcu'd from the threat'ned yoke,
The royal Auſtrian rais'd, his realms reſtor'd,
Great-Britain arm'd, triumphant, and ador'd,
Its ſtate enlarg'd, its peace reſtor'd again,
Are bleſſings all adorning Anna's reign.

ELYSIUM.

In airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle, ſet by Maro, grow,
Where graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
Refreſh the fevers of diſtracted love;
There at a ſolemn tide the beauties, ſlain
By tender paſſion, act their fates again;
Thro' gloomy light, that juſt betrays the grove,
In orgies all diſconſolately rove:
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep,
By lakes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a ſilent pace;
Where kings and ſwains, by ancient authors ſung,
Now chang'd to flow'rets o'er the margin hung;
The ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:
In bells of azure hyacinth aroſe,
In crimſon painted young Adonis glows,
The fragrant crocus ſhone with golden flame,
And leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A ſad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And with their paſſion makes their tears renew,
Unwinds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
Where after death they live for deaths again.
  Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate,

And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames ariſe
And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.
  The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.
  The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the buſhy ground,
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the fav'rite hand that gave the blow.
Where ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tow'r of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wav'ring light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.
  Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes,
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.
  The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her huſband's death and caus'd her
Surveys the glitt'ring veil, the bribe of Fate, [own;
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.
  In thin deſign and airy picture fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete:
To court a lovely bull Paſiphae flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Loſt Ariadne raves; the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding as ſhe walks the ſhore;

And Phædra, desp'rate, seeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while she roves:
Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night,
Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight;
Yet for another as delusive cries,
And dauntless sees her Hero's ghost arise.
  Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,
All arm'd with swords, a fair but angry band:
This sword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.
  And there ev'n she, the goddess of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove;
As once for Latmos she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a slumb'ring swain;
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.
  These, and a thousand and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound with soft'ning words of grief.
  At such a tide unheedful Love invades
The dark recesses of the madding shades;
Thro' long descent he fans the fogs around,
His purple feathers as he flies resound:
The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their ease;

Tho' dulling mifts and dubious day deftroy
The fine appearance of the flutt'ring boy,
Tho' all the pomp that glitters at his fide
The golden belt, the clafp and quiver, hide;
And tho' the torch appear a gleam of white
That faintly fpots and moves in hazy night,
Yet ftill they know the god, the gen'ral foe,
And threat'ning lift their airy hands below.
From hence they lead him where a myrtle ftood,
The faddeft myrtle in the mournful wood,
Devote to vex the gods; 'twas here before
Hell's awful emprefs foft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter fcorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his fhadow there.
Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns, his angry fate,
For beauty, ftill relentlefs, acts in hate.
Tho' no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muft be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial paffion led,
To fhift their follies on another's head.
Now fharp reproaches ring their fhrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandifh all their arms,
And ev'ry heroine makes it her decree
That Cupid fuffer juft the fame as fhe.
To fix the defp'rate halter one affay'd,
One feeks to wound him with an empty blade;

Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels deſpair;
Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head,
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread)
Or ſhake the torch; the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.
The mournful Myrrha burſts her rended womb,
And drowns his viſage in a moiſt perfume;
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With hum'rous pains, by ſly Deriſion found,
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow,
Or in their flames to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chuſe by wanton fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely thro' the circle preſt,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her ſcenes of frailty ſwiftly runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's,
That, claſp'd in chains, with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That from her love's intemp'rate heat began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man,
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter wight
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.
Nor words ſuffice the goddeſs of the fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair,

Then on the god, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands unpitying dealt the frequent blow;
From all his tender ſkin a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the roſe, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now doubly tinging, flames with luſtre more.

Here ends their wrath; the parent ſeems ſevere,
The ſtrokes unfit for little Love to bear;
To ſave their foe the melting beauties fly,
And, "Cruel Mother! ſpare thy child," they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the ſad account to Fate:
The mother pleas'd beheld the ſtorm aſſwage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and diſmiſs'd her rage.

Thus Fancy, once in duſky ſhade expreſt,
With empty terrors work'd the time of reſt,
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe
For all a winter's length of night below;
Then ſoar'd, as ſleep diſſolv'd, unchain'd away,
And thro' the port of iv'ry reach'd the day.

As, mindleſs of their rage, he ſlowly ſails
On pinions cumber'd in the miſty vales,
(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to ſway:
Caſt in a deep'ned ring they cloſe the plain,
And ſeize the god reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida ſhade,
The ſwain, young Paris, half ſupinely laid,
Saw the looſe flocks thro' ſhrubs unnumber'd rove,
And piping call'd them to the gladded grove:
'Twas there he met the meſſage of the ſkies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The meſſage known, one Love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time aſſign'd,
Drew forth her proud white ſwans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his ſhoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his ſide depends;
Pointing to theſe he nods with fearleſs ſtate,
And bids her ſafely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds with anxious care,
To make his iv'ry ſleek the ſhining hair,
Moves the looſe curls, and bids the forehead ſhow,
In full expanſion all its native ſnow.
A third enclaſps the many-colour'd ceſt,
And, rul'd by Fancy, ſets the ſilver veſt,
When to her ſons, with intermingled ſighs,
The goddeſs of the roſy lips applies.
"'Tis now, my darling Boys! a time to ſhow
"The love you feel, the filial aids you owe;
"Yet would we think that any dar'd to ſtrive
"For charms, when Venus and her Loves alive?

" Or, ſhould the prize of beauty be deny'd,
" Has beauty's Empreſs ought to boaſt beſide ?
" And ting'd with poiſon, pleaſing while it harms,
" My darts I truſted to your infant arms;
" If when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
" The world's great Ruler bending owns the blow,
" Let no contending form invade my due,
" Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue;
" But grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian ſhore
" Your Venus bears the palms of conqueſt o'er,
" And joyful ſee my hundred altars there
" With coſtly gums perfume the wanton air."
While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The groves reſounded where a goddeſs came;
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty ſtride,
Her ſhield forgot, her helmet laid aſide;
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or ſomething like, her viſage ſhow'd;
So with her eyes ſerene, and hopeful haſte,
The long-ſtretch'd alleys of the wood ſhe trac'd;
But where the woods a ſecond entrance found,
With ſceptred pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The ſtately Juno ſtalk'd to reach the ſeat,
And hear the ſentence in the laſt debate;
And long, ſeverely long, reſent the grove,
In this what boots it ſhe's the wife of Jove.
Arm'd with a grace at length, ſecure to win,
The lovely Venus ſmiling enters in;

All ſweet and ſhining near the youth ſhe drew,
Her roſy neck ambroſial odours threw;
The ſacred ſcents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, ſo am'rous all, and each ſo great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his ſeat;
Oppreſs'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he ſhould be thought to doubt the prize.

A RIDDLE.

Upon a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments looſe,
A proſtitute my mother lay
To ev'ry comer's uſe;

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her,
And to region far above,
And ſofter beds, convey'd her.

But in his abſence, to his place
His rougher rival came,
And with a cold conſtrain'd embrace
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright,

But ſhortly periſhable too,
Inconſtant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together faſt
I wildely flew about,
And from my father's country paſt
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ON MRS. A. F. LEAVING LONDON.

From Town fair Arabella flies,
The beaux unpowder'd grieve,
The rivers play before her eyes,
The breezes ſoftly breathing riſe,
The ſpring begins to live.

Her lovers ſwore they muſt expire,
Yet quickly find their eaſe,
For as ſhe goes their flames retire;
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

Yet ſoon the fair one will return
When ſummer quits the plain;
Ye Rivers! pour the weeping urn,
Ye Breezes! ſadly ſighing, mourn,
Ye Lovers! burn again.

'Tis conſtancy enough in love
That Nature's fairly ſhown,
To ſearch for more will fruitleſs prove;
Romances and the turtle dove
The virtue boaſt alone.

ON THE B——P OF S——,

Who had like to be burnt lately in his ſtudy.

From that dire era, bane of S—— pride,
Which loſt his ſchemes, and laid his friends aſide,
He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,
And he, and we, and all his works, muſt burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd,
(Oh! far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For as of late he meant to bleſs the age
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'erwrought with paſſion, and the ſubject's weight,
Lolling he nodded in his elbow ſeat;
Down fell the candle, greaſe and zeal conſpire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their fire.

Here crawls a preface on its half-burnt maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots;
Then roars the prophet of the Northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,
Thou Briton! vaunting on thy ſecond ſight:
In ſuch a miniſtry you ſafely tell
How much you'd ſuffer if religion fell.

MOSES.

To grace thoſe lines which next appear to ſight,
The pencil ſhone with more abated light;
Yet ſtill the pencil ſhone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moſes ſtands recorded there:
Let his, replete with flames and praiſe divine,
Let his the firſt rememb'red ſong be mine;
Then riſe, my Thought! and in thy prophet find
What joy ſhould warm thee for the work deſign'd;
To that great act which rais'd his heart repair,
And find a portion of his ſpirit there.
  A nation helpleſs and unarm'd I view,
Whom ſtrong revengeful troops of war purſue,
Seas ſtop their flight, their camp muſt prove their grave;
Ah! what can ſave them? God alone can ſave.
God's wond'rous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the ſacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the ſons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think thoſe waters flee,
And riſe like walls on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the ſeaſon for ſurpriſe,
Yet fear not, Iſrael! God directs thine eyes:
A fiery cloud I ſee thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.

The day comes on, and half thy ſuccours fail,
Yet fear not, Iſrael! God will ſtill prevail.
I ſee thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of vent'rous Egypt ſlow,
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,
And what ſupply'd thy day prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is paſt, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his ſolemn wand within the wind.
Oh, Nation freed by wonders! ceaſe thy fear,
And ſtand and ſee the Lord's ſalvation here.
Ye Tempeſts! now from ev'ry corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancy'd ſky.
Roll on, ye Waters! as they roll'd before;
Ye Billows of my fancy'd ocean! roar,
Daſh high, ride foaming, mingle all the main;
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work, of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds reſtore the ſun,
The wreck appears, the threat'ning army, drown'd,
Flotes o'er the waves to ſtrew the ſandy ground.
Then place thy Moſes near the calming flood,
Majeſtically mild, ſerenely good;
Let meekneſs, lovely virtue, gently ſtream
Around his viſage like a lambent flame;
Let grateful ſentiments, let ſenſe of love,
Let holy zeal, within his boſom move;

And while his people gaze the watry plain,
And fear's laſt touches like to doubts remain,
While bright Aſtoniſhment, that ſeems to raiſe
A queſtioning belief, is fond to praiſe,
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breaſt,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd expreſt.
" I'll ſing to God, I'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe
" To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways;
" To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
" Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
" The Lord, in mercy kind, in juſtice ſtrong,
" Is now my ſtrength, this ſtrength be now my ſong;
" This ſure ſalvation ſuch he proves to me,
" From danger reſcu'd, and from bondage free.
" The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his ſeat,
" My fathers' God, and I'll proclaim him great;
" Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,
" Him ever faithful, evermore the ſame;
" His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
" They make the pride of boaſting Pharaoh fall;
" Within the ſeas his ſtately chariots lie,
" Within the ſeas his choſen captains die:
" The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
" They ſunk like ſtones, they ſwiftly ſunk below.
" Thine hand, my God! thine hand confeſs'd thy care,
" Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
" It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
" In all the greatneſs of excelling might:

" Thy wrath ſent forward o'er the raging ſtream,
" Swift, ſure, and ſudden, their deſtruction came:
" They fell as ſtubble burns, while driving ſkies
" Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
" When blaſts, diſpatch'd with wonderful intent,
" On ſov'reign orders from thy noſtrils went,
" For our accounts the waters were afraid,
" Perceiv'd thy preſence, and together fled;
" In heaps uprightly plac'd they learn to ſtand,
" Like banks of cryſtal by the paths of ſand; [pride,
" Then fondly fluſh'd with hope, and ſwell'd with
" And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
" Secure of conqueſt, I'll purſue their way;
" I'll overtake them; I'll divide the prey;
" My luſt I'll ſatisfy, mine anger cloy;
" My ſword I'll brandiſh, and their name deſtroy."
" How wildly threats their anger? Hark! above
" New blaſts of wind on new commiſſion move,
" To looſe the fetters that confin'd the main,
" And make its mighty waters rage again;
" Then overwhelm'd with their reſiſtleſs ſway,
" They ſunk like lead, they ſunk beneath the ſea.
" Oh, who like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Hoſts!
" Among the gods whom all the nations boaſt,
" Such acts of wonder and of ſtrength diſplays?
" Oh great! oh glorious! in thine holy ways;
" Deſerving praiſe, and that they praiſe appear
" In ſigns of reverence and ſenſe of fear.

"With juſtice arm'd thou ſtretchedſt out thine hand,
"And earth between its gaping jaws of land
"Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
"And ſwallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
"With mercy riſing on the weaker ſide,
"Thyſelf became the reſcu'd people's guide,
"And in thy ſtrength they paſt th' amazing road,
"To reach thine holy mount, thy bleſs'd abode.
"What thou haſt done the neighb'ring realms ſhall hear;
"And feel the ſtrange report excite their fear,
"What thou haſt done ſhall Edom's Duke amaze,
"And make deſpair on Paleſtina ſeize;
"Shall make the warlike ſons of Moab ſhake,
"And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak:
"In heavy damps, diffus'd on ev'ry breaſt,
"Shall cold diſtruſt and hopeleſs terror reſt.
"The matchleſs greatneſs which thine hand has ſhown
"Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as ſtone,
"While Jordan ſtops above, and fails below,
"And all thy flock acroſs the channel go.
"Thus on thy mercy's ſilver-ſhining wing,
"Thro' ſeas and ſtreams thou wilt the nation bring,
"And as the rooted trees ſecurely ſtand,
"So firmly plant it in the promis'd land,
"Where for thyſelf thou wilt a place prepare,
"And after-ages will thine altar rear;
"There reign victorious in thy ſacred ſeat,
"Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

"Look, where the tyrant was but lately ſeen,
"The ſeas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
"In yonder gulf with haughty pomp he ſhow'd,
"Here march'd his horſemen, there his chariots rode,
"And when our God reſtor'd the floods again,
"Ah, vainly ſtrong! they periſh'd in the main;
"But Iſrael went a dry ſurpriſing way,
"Made ſafe by miracles amidſt the ſea."

Here ceas'd the ſong, tho' not the prophet's joy,
Which others' hands and others' tongues employ;
For ſtill the lays, with warmth divine expreſt,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmoſt breaſt.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus ſweetly raiſe,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praiſe:
The moving ſounds, like ſoft delicious wind
That breath'd from Paradiſe, a paſſage find,
Shed ſympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the riſings of enkindled love.

O'er all the crowd the thought inſpiring flew,
The women follow'd with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moſes, where his ſtrains aroſe,
They catch'd a rapture to perform the cloſe.

"We'll ſing to God, we'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
"To God triumphant in his wondrous ways;
"To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
"Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell."

Thus Iſrael, raptur'd with the pleaſing thought
Of freedom wiſh'd and wonderfully got,

Made cheerful thanks from ev'ry bank refound,
Exprefs'd by fongs, improv'd in joy by found.
Oh, facred Mofes! each infufing line
That mov'd their gratitude was part of thine;
And ftill the Chriftians in thy numbers view
The type of baptifm and of heav'n too:
So fouls from water rife to grace below,
So faints from toil to praife and glory go.
Oh, grateful Miriam! in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for filence or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er
In fweet refponfe what Mofes fung before:
Thou led the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling well redoubled praife:
Receive thy title, Prophetefs was thine,
When here thy practice fhew'd the form divine.
The fpirit thus approv'd, refign'd in will,
The Church bows down and hears refponfes ftill.
Nor flightly fuffer tuneful Jubal's name
To mifs his place among the fons of Fame,
Whofe fweet infufions could of old infpire
The breathing organs and the trembling lyre:
Father of thefe on earth whofe gentle foul
By fuch engagements could the mind control,
If holy verfes aught to mufic owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below,
Whilft then the timbrels lively pleafure gave,
And now whilft organs found fedately grave.

My firſt attempt the finiſh'd courſe commends;
Now, Fancy! flag not as that ſubject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Aſcend harmonious in the next eſſay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly,
She mounts, ſhe warbles, on the wind on high;
She falls from thence, and ſeems to drop her wing,
But ere ſhe lights to reſt remounts to ſing.
It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the ſecond bright'ned work appears;
It is not far, alas! the faulty cauſe
Which from the prophet ſad reflection draws;
Alas! that bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
And peeviſh murmurs are preferr'd to joy;
That favour'd Iſrael could be faithleſs ſtill,
Or queſtion God's protecting pow'r or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the ſun, ſince hard'ned Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms iſſue forth with glitt'ring pride,
Rejoicing roſe, and let the nation ſee
Three ſhining days of eaſy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want produc'd within
Vain thought, repleniſh'd with rebellious ſin.
Oh, look not, Iſrael! to thy former way,
God cannot fail, and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands
Lot's hapleſs wife a ſtrange example ſtands;

She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet reſembling ſin:
Then forward move thy camp, and forward ſtill,
And let ſweet Mercy bend thy ſtubborn will.
At thy complaint a branch in Marah caſt,
With ſweet'ning virtue mends the water's taſte;
At thy complaint the lab'ring tempeſt fails,
And drives afore a wondrous ſhower of quails;
In tender graſs the falling manna lies,
And heav'n itſelf the want of bread ſupplies:
The rock divided flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and ſtill thou wilt complain.
As thus employ'd thou went the deſert through,
Lo! Sinai Mount uprear'd its head to view;
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rowling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet ſhrill, the thunder loud;
The forky lightning ſhot in livid gleam;
The ſmoke aroſe; the mountain, all a flame,
Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with ſigns of awe,
While God deſcended to diſpenſe the law;
Yet neither mercy, manifeſt in might,
Nor pow'r in terrors, could preſerve thee right.
Provok'd with crimes of ſuch an heinous kind,
Almighty juſtice ſware the doom deſign'd,
That they ſhould never reach the promis'd ſeat,
And Moſes greatly mourns their haſten'd fate.
I'll think him now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes ſlides ſoft in air;

I'll think him giving what the guilty ſleep,
To thoughts where Sorrow glides and Numbers weep;
Sad thoughts of woes, that reign where ſuch prevail,
And man's ſhort life, tho' not ſo ſhort as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation riſe,
And ſtraight the train of mimic ſenſes brings
The duſky ſhapes of tranſitory things;
Thro' penſive ſhades the viſions ſeem to range,
They ſeem to flouriſh, and they ſeem to change;
A moon decreaſing runs the ſilent ſky,
And ſickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of bleſſing o'er,
The bleſſings vaniſh, and the tale's no more;
Still hours of nightly watches ſteal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of graſs decay;
Then all the penſive ſhades, by juſt degrees,
Grow faint in proſpect, and go off with theſe:
But while th' affecting notions paſs along,
He chuſes ſuch as beſt adorn his ſong,
And thus with God the riſing lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man;
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply ſinning, man chaſtis'd by God.
" Oh, Lord! oh, Saviour! tho' thy choſen band
" Have ſtay'd like ſtrangers in a foreign land
" Thro' number'd ages which have run their race,
" Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place;

" Before the moſt exalted duſt of earth,
" The ſtately mountains, had receiv'd a birth,
" Before the pillars of the world were laid,
" Before the habitable parts were made,
" Thou wert their God, from thee their riſe they drew,
" Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
" Man (mortal creature!) fram'd to feel decays,
" Thine unreſiſted pow'r at pleaſure ſways;
" Thou ſay'ſt Return, and parting ſouls obey;
" Thou ſay'ſt Return, and bodies fall to clay:
" For what's a thouſand fleeting years with thee?
" Or time, compar'd with long eternity?
" Whoſe wings expanding, infinitely vaſt,
" O'erſtretch its utmoſt ends of firſt and laſt:
" 'Tis like thoſe hours that lately ſaw the ſun,
" He roſe, and ſet, and all the day was done;
" Or like the watches which dread night divide,
" And while we ſlumber unregarded glide,
" When all the preſent ſeems a thing of nought,
" And paſt and future cloſe to waking thought.
" As raging floods, when rivers ſwell with rain,
" Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
" So ſwift and ſtrong thy wondrous might appears,
" So life is carried down the rolling years.
" As heavy ſleep purſues the day's retreat
" With dark, with ſilent, and unactive ſtate,
" So life's attended on by certain doom,
" And death's their reſt, their reſting-place a tomb;

" It quickly riſes, and it quickly goes,
" And youth its morning, age its ev'ning ſhows.
" Thus tender blades of graſs, when beams diffuſe,
" Riſe from the preſſure of their early dews,
" Point tow'rds the ſkies their elevated ſpires,
" And proudly flouriſh in their green attires;
" But ſoon (ah, fading ſtate of things below!)
" The ſcythe deſtructive mows the lovely ſhow;
" The riſing ſun thus ſaw their glories high,
" That ſun deſcended ſees their glories die.
  " We ſtill with more than common haſte of Fate
" Are doom'd to periſh in thy kindled hate;
" Our public ſins for public juſtice call,
" And ſtand like marks on which thy judgments fall;
" Our ſecret ſins, that folly thought conceal'd,
" Are in thy light for puniſhment reveal'd.
" Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
" Our days unmix'd with happineſs decline,
" Like empty ſtories, tedious, ſhort, and vain,
" And never, never more recall'd again.
" Yet what were life, if to the longeſt date
" Which we have nam'd a life we back'ned Fate?
" Alas! its moſt computed length appears
" To reach the limits but of ſeventy years;
" And if by ſtrength to fourſcore years we go,
" That ſtrength is labour, and that labour woe;
" Then will thy term expire, and thou muſt fly,
" Oh, Man! Oh Creature! ſurely born to die.

" But who regards a truth ſo throughly known?
" Who dreads a wrath ſo manifeſtly ſhown?
" Who ſeems to fear it, tho' the danger vies
" With any pitch to which our fear can riſe?
" O! teach us ſo to number all our days,
" That theſe reflections may correct our ways;
" That theſe may lead us from deluſive dreams,
" To walk in heav'nly Wiſdom's golden beams.
" Return, Oh Lord! how long ſhall Iſrael ſin?
" How long thine anger be preſerv'd within?
" Before our time's irrevocably paſt,
" Be kind, be gracious, and return at laſt;
" Let favour ſoon diſpens'd our ſouls employ,
" And ſtill remember'd favour live in joy:
" Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
" Send theſe at leaſt of equal length with thoſe;
" Shine on thy flock, and on their offſpring ſhine;
" With tender mercy (ſweeteſt act divine)
" Bright rays of majeſty ſerenely ſhed,
" To reſt in glories on the nation's head;
" Our future deeds with approbation bleſs,
" And in the giving them give us ſucceſs."
Thus with forgiveneſs earneſtly deſir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliſs requir'd,
The man of God concludes his ſacred ſtrain,
Now ſit and ſee the ſubject once again.
See ghaſtly Death, where deſerts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground,

There ſtalks the ſilent melancholy ſhade,
His naked bones reclining on a ſpade;
And thrice the ſpade with ſolemn ſadneſs heaves,
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves;
His gates of darkneſs gape to take him in,
And where he ſoon would ſink he's puſh'd by ſin.
Poor Mortals! here your common picture know,
And with yourſelves in this acquainted grow;
Thro' life with airy thoughtleſs pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the ſphere of change,
A ſphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd ſtars with endleſs glory reign,
But meteors only, ſhort-liv'd meteors, riſe,
To ſhine, ſhoot down, and die, beneath the ſkies.
There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, deſcends;
When foreign force, or waſte of inward heat,
Conſtrain the ſoul to leave its ancient ſeat;
When baniſh'd Beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languiſh leaves the ſparkling eyes;
When ſoft'ning muſic and perſuaſion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When ſpirits ſtop their courſe, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception ceaſe;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains ſhall be
That naked ſkeleton we ſeem'd to ſee.
Make this thy mirror if thou wouldſt have bliſs;
No flatt'ring image ſhews itſelf in this,

But ſuch as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But ſuch as clears the cheats of Error's den,
Whence magic miſts ſurround the ſouls of men;
Whence ſelf-deluſion's trains adorn their flight,
As ſnow's fair feathers fleet to darken ſight;
Then reſt, and in the work of fancy ſpread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
Theſe empty forms, when Death appears, diſperſe,
Or melt in tears upon its mournful herſe:
The ſad reflection forces men to know
Life ſurely fails and ſwiftly flies below.
Oh! leſt thy folly loſe the profit ſought,
Oh! never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glaſſes come, and ſtraight withdraw,
And ſtraight forget what ſort of face they ſaw;
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the ſtrength of this great truth be wiſe:
If on the globe's dim ſide our ſenſes ſtray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day,
Death ſeems long ſleep, and hopes of heav'nly beams
Deceitful wiſhes, big with diſtant dreams;
But if our reaſon purge the carnal ſight,
And place its objects in their juſter light,
We change the ſide, from dreams on earth we move,
And wake thro' death to riſing life above.

Here o'er my ſoul a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celeſtial ſtrains;

The former vaniſh off, the new begin,
The ſolemn ſilence ſtands like night between,
In whoſe dark boſom day departing lies,
And day ſucceeding takes a lovely riſe.
But tho' the ſong be chang'd, be ſtill the flame,
And ſtill the prophet, in my lines the ſame;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whoſe ſinful fathers in the deſert fell;
With care renew'd, if any care can do,
Ah! leſt they ſin, and leſt they periſh too.
Go ſeek for Moſes at yon' ſacred tent,
On which the Preſence makes a bright deſcent.
Behold the cloud with radiant glory fair,
Like a wreath'd pillar, curls itſelf in air!
Behold it hov'ring juſt above the door,
And Moſes meekly kneeling on the floor;
But if the gazing turn thy edge of ſight,
And darkneſs ſpring from unſupported light,
Then change the ſenſe, be ſight in hearing drown'd,
While theſe ſtrange accents from the viſion ſound.
"The time, my Servant, is approaching nigh,
"When thou ſhalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
"And ſoon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
"Of all the glories which mine arm has ſhown,
"Shall thro' my covenant perverſely break,
"Deſpiſe my worſhip, and my name forſake,
"By cuſtoms conquer'd, where to rule they go,
"And ſerving gods that can't protect their foe.

"Difpleas'd at this, I'll turn my face afide
"Till fharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
"Till brought to better mind they feek relief,
"By good confeffions in the midft of grief.
"Then write thy fong, to ftand a witnefs ftill
"Of favours paft, and of my future will;
"For I their vain conceits before difcern;
"Then write thy fong, which Ifrael's fons fhall learn."
As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The prophet mufing deep within repeats,
He feems to feel it on a ftreaming ray
Pierce thro' the foul, enlight'ning all its way;
And much obedient will, and free defire,
And much his love of Jacob's feed, infpire;
And much, oh! much above the warmth of thofe
The facred Spirit in his bofom glows;
Majeftic Notion feems decrees to nod,
And holy Tranfport fpeaks the words of God.
He now returns, the finifh'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with ftrains of paft and future things;
The priefts in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! facred Mercy's inexhaufted ftore!
Shall thefe have warning of their faults before!
Shall thefe be told the recompenfes due!
Shall heav'n and earth be call'd to witnefs too!
Then ftill the tumult, if it will be fo,
Let fear to lofe a word its caution fhow;

Let cloſe Attention in dead calm appear,
And ſoftly, ſoftly ſteal with ſilence near,
While Moſes, rais'd above the liſt'ning throng,
Pronounces thus, in all their ears, the ſong.
  " Hear, oh ye Heav'ns! creation's lofty ſhow,
" Hear, oh thou heav'n-encompaſs'd Earth below!
" As ſilver ſhow'rs of gently dropping rain,
" As honey dews diſtilling on the plain,
" As rain, as dews, for tender graſs deſign'd,
" So ſhall my ſpeeches ſink within the mind,
" So ſweetly turn the ſoul's enliv'ning food,
" So fill and cheriſh hopeful ſeeds of good,
" For now my numbers to the world abroad
" Will loudly celebrate the name of God.
  " Aſcribe, thou Nation! ev'ry favour'd tribe
" Excelling greatneſs to the Lord aſcribe;
" The Lord! the Rock! on whom we ſafely truſt,
" Whoſe work is perfect, and whoſe ways are juſt;
" The Lord! whoſe promiſe ſtands for ever true;
" The Lord! moſt righteous, and moſt holy too.
  " Ah! worſe election! ah! the bonds of ſin!
" They chuſe themſelves to take corruption in;
" They ſtain their ſouls with vice's deepeſt blots,
" When only frailties are his children's ſpots:
" Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run aſtray,
" And none more crooked, more perverſe, than they.
  " Say, rebel Nation! and unwiſely light,
" Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?

" Or is he not the God who made thee free,
" Whofe mercy purchas'd and eftablifh'd thee ?
" Remember well the wondrous days of old,
" The years of ages long before thee told;
" Afk all thy fathers, who the truth will fhow,
" Or afk thine elders, for thine elders know.
" When the Moft High, with fceptre pointed down,
" Defcrib'd the realms of each beginning crown;
" When Adam's offspring providential care,
" To people countries, fcatter'd here and there,
" He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
" That favour'd Ifrael has its part affign'd;
" For Ifrael is the Lord's, and gains the place
" Referv'd for thofe whom he would chufe to grace.
" Him in the defert, him his mercy found,
" Where Famine dwells, and howling deafs the ground;
" Where dread is felt, by favage noife increaft,
" Where Solitude erects its feat on wafte;
" And there he led him, and he taught him there,
" And fafely kept him with a watchful care;
" The tender apples of our heedful eye
" Not more in guard, nor more fecurely lie.
" And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
" Her unexperienc'd young to truft the wing,
" Stirs up her neft, and flutters o'er their heads,
" And all the forces of her pinions fpreads,
" And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
" To give peculiar proof of royal love;

" 'Twas so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
" With kindness most peculiar led his own;
" As no strange god concurr'd to make him free,
" So none had pow'r to lead him through but he.
" To lands excelling lands, and planted high,
" That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
" He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,
" To taste the plenties of the ground's increase;
" Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
" From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,
" The gilded butter from the stately kine,
" The milk with which the duggs of sheep decline,
" The marrow-fatness of the tender lambs,
" The bulky breed of Basan's goats and rams,
" The finest flow'ry-wheat that crowns the plain,
" Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain;
" And still he drank, from ripe delicious heaps
" Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes:
" But thou art wanton fat, and kickest now;
" Oh! well directed; oh! Jeshuran, thou;
" Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,
" Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone;
" Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,
" And God that made and sav'd thee was forgot,
" While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhor'd,
" To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord;
" While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
" And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton'd.

" Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
" And whence your life-infuſing ſpirit, came:
" Such ſtrange corruptions could his hate provoke,
" And thus their fate his indignation ſpoke.
" It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and ſee,
" When I forſake them, what their end ſhall be;
" For they're a froward, very froward ſtrain;
" They promiſe duty, but return diſdain.
" Within my ſoul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
" By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
" They make the burnings of my anger glow
" By guilty vanity's diſpleaſing ſhow.
" I'll alſo teach their jealouſy to fret
" At ſuch as are not form'd a people yet;
" I'll make their anger vex their inward breaſt,
" When ſuch as have not known my laws are bleſt.
" A fire, a fire, that nothing can aſſwage,
" Is kindled in the fierceneſs of my rage,
" To burn the depths, conſume the land's increaſe,
" And on the mountains' ſtrong foundations ſeize.
" Thick heaps of miſchief on their heads I ſend,
" And all mine arrows wing'd with fury ſpend.
" Slow parching death, and peſtilential heat,
" Shall bring the bitter pangs of ling'ring fate.
" The teeth of beaſts ſhall ſwift deſtruction bring;
" The ſerpents wound them with envenom'd ſting;
" The ſword without, and dread within, conſume
" The youth and virgin in their lovely bloom;

" Weak tender Infancy by ſuckling fed,
" And helpleſs Age with hoary-froſted head.
" I ſaid I'd ſcatter all the ſinful race,
" I ſaid I'd make its mere remembrance ceaſe,
" But that I fear'd the foes' unruly pride,
" Their glory vaunted, and my pow'r deny'd.
" While thus they boaſt, our arm has ſhewn us brave,
" And God did nothing, for he could not ſave:
" So fond their thoughts are, ſo remote of ſenſe,
" And blind in ev'ry courſe of Providence.
" O did they know to what my judgments tend!
" O would they ponder on their latter-end!
" They ſoon would find, that when upon the field
" One makes a thouſand, two ten thouſand yield,
" The Lord of Hoſts has ſold a rebel ſtate,
" And ſure enclos'd it in the nets of Fate:
" For what's another's rock compar'd with ours?
" Let them be judges that have prov'd their pow'rs,
" That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
" While ours to freedom and to glory led.
" Their vine, indeed, may ſeem to flouriſh fair,
" But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air;
" It ſucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
" And galls for grapes in bitter cluſters yields,
" And poiſon ſheds for wine, like that which comes
" From aſps' and dragons' death-infected gums.
" And are not theſe their hateful ſins reveal'd,
" And in my treaſures for my juſtice ſeal'd?

" To me the province of revenge belongs,
" To me the certain recompenſe of wrongs;
" Their feet ſhall totter in appointed time,
" And threat'ning danger overtake their crime,
" For wing'd with feather'd haſte the minutes fly,
" To bring thoſe things that muſt afflict them nigh.
" The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
" And then repent, and turn upon the foe;
" And when the judgments from his own remove,
" Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.
" Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
" Your off'rings have been made, your victims ſlain?
" Let them ariſe, let them afford their aid,
" And with Protection's ſhield ſurround your head.
" Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
" Nor ever was there any god with me;
" And death or life, or wounds or health, I give,
" Nor can another from my pow'r reprieve.
" With ſolemn ſtate I lift my arm on high,
" Above the glories of the lofty ſky;
" And by myſelf majeſtically ſwear
" I live for ever, and for ever there.
" If in my rage the glitt'ring ſword I whet,
" And ſternly ſitting take the judgment-ſeat,
" My juſt awarding ſentence dooms my foe,
" And vengeance wields the blade and gives the blow,
" And deep in fleſh the blade of fury bites,
" And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,

" And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in ſin,
" When executions of revenge begin.
" Then let his nation in a common voice,
" And with his nation let the world, rejoice:
" For whether he for crimes or trials ſpill
" His ſervants' blood, he will avenge it ſtill:
" He'll break the troops, he'll ſcatter them afar
" Who vex our realm with deſolating war,
" And on the favour'd Tribes, and on the land,
" Shed victories and peace from Mercy's hand."
Here ceas'd the ſong, and Iſrael look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in ſilence and amazement, ſaw
The ſtrokes of all their ſtate beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light preſent,
To ſhew the mountain bleſs'd with God's deſcent,
To ſhew their wand'rings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the deſert road:
Then where the beams of recollection go,
To leave the fancy diſpoſſeſs'd of ſhow,
The fairer light of propheſy's begun,
Which op'ning future days ſupplies their ſun:
By ſuch a ſun (and fancy needs no more)
They ſee the coming times, and walk them o'er;
And now they gain that reſt their travail ſought,
Now milk and honey ſtream along the thought;
Anon they feel their ſouls, the bleſſings cloy,
And God's forgot in full exceſs of joy:

And oft' they ſin, and oft' his anger burns,
And ev'ry nation's made their ſcourge by turns;
Till oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he repenting too deſtroys the rod.
O Nation! timely warn'd in ſacred ſtrain,
O never let thy Moſes ſing in vain;
Dare to be good, and happineſs prolong,
Or if thy folly will fulfil the ſong,
At leaſt be found the ſeldomer in ill,
And ſtill repent, and ſoon repent thee ſtill.
When ſuch fair paths thou ſhalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will reſt upon thy ſinful head;
Thy crime by laſting will ſecure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that's call'd to witneſs here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a myſtic Iſrael grown,
Will in thy firſt condition find their own;
A God's deſcent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd reſt where living waters flow:
They'll ſee the pen, deſcribe in ev'ry trace
The frowns of anger or the ſmiles of grace;
Why mercy turns aſide and leaves to ſhine,
What cauſe provokes the jealouſy divine;
Why juſtice kindles dire-avenging flames,
What endleſs pow'r the lifted arm proclaims;
Why mercy ſhines again with cheerful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightſome day.

Tho' nations change, and Iſrael's empire dies,
Yet ſtill the caſe on earth again may riſe ;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And ſtill preſerves, and ſtill applies, the ſtrains.
'Twas ſuch a gift the prophet's ſacred pen,
On his departure, left the ſons of men.
Thus he, and thus the ſwan her breath reſigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines)
He white with innocence, his figure ſhe,
And both harmonious, but the ſweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliſs,
Has found a lovely circumſtance in this,
To ſuit the meekeſt turn of eaſy mind,
And actions cheerful in an air reſign'd.
Thou Flock, whom Moſes to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead!
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to glory due;
Square the broad baſe, with ſloping ſides ariſe,
And let the point diminiſh in the ſkies;
There leave the corpſe, impending o'er his head.
The wand whoſe motion winds and waves obey'd.
On ſable banners to the ſight deſcribe
The painted arms of ev'ry mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb
Deep ſtreaming downwards thro' the vaulted room.
On the black ſtone a fair inſcription raiſe,
That ſums his government, to ſpeak his praiſe,

And may the ſtyle as brightly worth proclaim,
As if Affection with a pointed beam
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or Honour due
Had with itſelf inlaid the tablet through.
But ſtop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way;
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heav'nly ſtate,
With ſplendid forms and light ſerene replete;
I hear the ſound of flutt'ring wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they reſt, on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the rev'rend dead.
This errand crowns his ſongs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the quire above.
Now ſwiftly down the ſteepy mount they go,
Now ſwiftly glides their ſhining orb below,
And now moves off where riſing grounds deny
To ſpread their valley to the diſtant eye.
Ye bleſs'd Inhabitants of glitt'ring air!
You've born the prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps leſt Iſrael, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the ſhrine.
But what diſorder? what repels the light?
And ere its ſeaſon forces on the night?
Why ſweep the ſpectres o'er the blaſted ground?
What ſhakes the Mount with hollow-roaring ſound?

Hell rolls beneath it, Terror ſtalks before
With ſhrieks and groans, and Horror burſts a door,
And Satan riſes in infernal ſtate,
Drawn up by Malice, Envy, Rage, and Hate;
A dark'ning vapour with ſulphureous ſteam,
In pitchy curlings, edg'd by ſullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad Confuſion's ſtorm.
Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
" Nor ſhall thy nation 'ſcape my wrath," he cry'd;
" This corpſe I'll enter, and thy flock miſlead,
" And all thy miracles my lies ſhall aid.
" But where?—He's gone, and by the ſcented ſky,
" The fav'rite courtiers have been lately nigh.
" Oh! ſlow to bus'neſs, curs'd in miſchief's hour;
" Trace on their odours, and if hell has pow'r—"
This ſaid, with ſpite, and with a bent for ill,
He ſhot with fury from the trembling hill.
In vain, proud Fiend, thy threats are half expreſt,
And half lie choking in thy ſcornful breaſt;
His ſhining bearers have perform'd their right,
And laid him ſoftly down in ſhades of night.
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee;
A ſword of flame to ſtop thy courſe he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy ſnares.
The Lord rebuke thy pride, he meekly cries;
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moses leaves my song, the Tribes retire,
The desert flies, and forty years expire.
And now, my Fancy! for a while be still,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill:
Go search among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air:
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky;
Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
And thee reposing in a grove of palm;
The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
And I'll awake thee soon to sing again.

DEBORAH.

Time! ſire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And ſtill the paſt recall to preſent view;
Spread forth thy circles, ſwiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action's nobly ſung before,
There ſtop and ſtay for me, whoſe thoughts deſign
To make another's ſong reſound in mine.
Paſs where the prieſts' proceſſion bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe
While Iſrael march'd upon the naked ſand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide thro' the num'rous fates of Canaan's kings,
While Conqueſts rode on Expedition's wings;
Glance over Iſrael at a ſingle view,
In bondage oft', and oft' unbound anew,
Till Jabin riſe, and Deb'rah ſtand enroll'd
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
  Oh! king ſubdu'd! oh! woman born to fame!
Oh! wake my fancy for the glorious theme;
Oh! wake my fancy with the ſenſe of praiſe,
Oh! wake with warblings of triumphant lays;
The land you riſe in ſultry ſuns invade,
But when you riſe to ſing you'll find a ſhade.
Thoſe trees, in order and with verdure crown'd,
The ſacred propheteſs's tent ſurround,
And that fair palm a-front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overſpreads the reſt,

Near the firm root a moſſy bank ſupports,
Where Juſtice opens unexpenſive courts,
There Deb'rah ſits, the willing Tribes repair,
Refer their cauſes, and ſhe judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her ſubjects in,
Each grace, each virtue, proves a guard unſeen,
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.
  Now twenty years that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppreſſion's chain,
When ſhe, ſubmiſſive to divine command,
Proclaims a war for freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barak with thoſe men deſcend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
" Go," ſays the propheteſs, " thy foes aſſail;
" Go, make ten thouſand over all prevail;
" Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged ſword,
" Make all his army; God has ſpoke the word."
He, fit for war, and Iſrael's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the number, and by that the fight;
Then thus replies, with wiſh to ſtand ſecure,
Or eager thought to know the conqueſt ſure:
" Belov'd of God, lend thou thy preſence too,
" And I with gladneſs lead th' appointed few;
" But if thou wilt not, let thy ſon deny,
" For what's ten thouſand men, or what am I?"
" If ſo," ſhe cries, "a ſhare of toil be mine,
" Another ſhare, and ſome diſhonour, thine;

"For God, to puniſh doubt, reſolves to ſhow
"That leſs than numbers can ſuppreſs his foe:
"You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
"But 'tis a woman's act ſecures the field."
Now ſeem the warriors in their ranks aſſign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind;
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
Hope ſpurs them forward, Valour draws the blade,
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
Stands reaching forth her hands, and ſeems to call.
On t'other ſide, and almoſt o'er the plain,
Proud Sis'ra, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locuſts on the vintage fly,
As thick as ſcatter'd leaves in autumn lie,
Bold with ſucceſs againſt a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and ſecure in pride.
Now ſound the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
And now methinks I view their toils in arms;
The lively phantoms tread my boundleſs mind,
And no faint colours or weak ſtrokes deſign'd.
See where in diſtant conqueſt from afar
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with cloſer force engage,
And thruſt the ſpear, and whirl the ſword of rage:
Here brake the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes:
Here Deb'rah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly,
There Barak fights, and Jabin's ſoldiers die.

But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders, and their horſes ſtrong,
And Terror rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh! Lord of Battles! oh! the danger's near;
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid? behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts thro' the troubled ſky;
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail, they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſs'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The fav'rite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbs the ſight,
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſt'ling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan Fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather, and deſtroy'd by war,
And from his chariot, whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid Conqueſt in purſuit of Fear:
See, ſee! they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above)
When wars are gath'ring in our hearts below,
We 'ave ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow;

The long-diſtended tracks of opening ſky,
The phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
The whitiſh clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
Young glitt'ring comets point the levell'd ſpear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms, for gallant glory dreſt,
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the creſt.
Thus arm'd they ſeem to march, and ſeem to fight,
And ſeeming wounds of death delude the ſight;
The ruddy thunder-clouds look ſtain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar;
Then flies aſide, and then aſide purſues,
Till in their motion all their ſhapes they looſe;
Diſperſing air concludes the mimic ſcene,
The ſky ſhuts up, and ſwiftly clears again.
  But does their Sis'ra ſhare the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With ſuch inquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious Honour knows, and tells it there.
  To that fair type of Iſrael's late ſucceſs,
Which nobly riſes as its weights depreſs,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whoſe courage roſe to free their groaning land;
There ſtands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There ſtands the judge in Beauty's awful charms,
And whilſt reclin'd upon the reſting ſpear,
He pants with chace, and breaths in calmer air,

Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
And would in ſong the great exploit renew;
She ſees an arm'd Oppreſſion's hundred hands
Impoſe its fetters on the promis'd lands;
She ſees their nation ſtruggling in the chains,
And wars ariſing with unequal trains;
She ſees their fate in arms, the field imbru'd,
The foe diſorder'd, and the foe purſu'd,
Till Conqueſt, dreſs'd in rays of glory, come
With Peace and Freedom, brought in triumph home;
Then round her heart a beamy gladneſs plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praiſe:
"For Iſrael's late avengings on the foe,
"When led by no compelling power below,
"When each ſpring forward of their own accord,
"For this, for all the mercy, praiſe the Lord.
"Hear, O ye Kings! ye neighb'ring Princes! hear;
"My ſong triumphant ſhall inſtruct your fear;
"My ſong triumphant bids your glory bow
"To God confeſs'd, the God of Jacob now.
"O glorious Lord! when with thy ſov'reign hand
"Thou led the nation off from Edom's land,
"Then trembled earth, and ſhook the heav'ns on high,
"And clouds in drops forſook the melted ſky;
"With tumbling waters hills were heard to roar,
"And felt ſuch ſhocks as Sinai felt before;
"But fear abating, which by time decays,
"The kings of Canaan roſe in Shamgar's days,

" And ſtill continued in Jael's times,
" Their empire fixing with ſucceſsful crimes;
" Oppreſſion ravag'd all our loſt abodes,
" Nor dare the people truſt the common roads,
" But paths perplex'd and unfrequented choſe,
" To ſhun the danger of perplexing foes.
" Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
" Unpeopled towns, and diſimprov'd the ground,
" Till I, reſolving in the gap to ſtand,
" I, Deb'rah, roſe, a mother of the land,
" Where others, ſlaves by ſettled cuſtom grown,
" Could ſerve and chuſe to ſerve the gods unknown;
" Where others ſuffer'd with a tame regret
" Deſtruction ſpilling blood in ev'ry gate,
" And forty thouſand had not for the field
" One ſpear offenſive, or defenſive ſhield.
" O tow'rds the leaders of my nation move,
" O beat my warming heart with ſenſe of love;
" Commend th' aſſerters on their own accord,
" And bleſs the ſov'reign cauſer, bleſs the Lord.
" Speak ye, that ride with pow'r return'd in ſtate,
" Speak ye the praiſe that rule the judgment-ſeat;
" Speak ye the praiſe to God that walk the roads,
" While ſafety brings you to reſtor'd abodes.
" The reſcu'd villagers, no more afraid
" Of archers lurking in the faithleſs ſhade,
" And ſudden death convey'd from ſounding ſtrings
" Shall ſafe approach the waters' riſing ſprings,

" And while their turns of drawing there they wait,
" Loit'ring in eaſe upon a moſſy ſeat,
" Call all the bleſſings of the Lord to mind,
" And ſing the Lord, in all the bleſſings kind.
" The townſmen, reſcu'd from the tyrant's reign,
" Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
" See Juſtice in the gates the balance bear,
" And none but her unſheath a weapon there.
" Awake, O Deb'rah! O awake to praiſe!
" Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
" Ariſe, O Barak! be thy pomp begun,
" Lead on thy triumph, thou Abinoam's ſon,
" Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
" Made humbled princes ſtoop their necks to thee,
" When he, the giver of ſucceſs in fight,
" Advanc'd a woman o'er the ſons of Might.
" Againſt this Amalec of banded foes,
" I, Deb'rah, root of all the war, aroſe,
" From Ephraim ſprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
" The next in riſing, Benjamin, was thine.
" The ruling heads of half Manaſſeh's land,
" To ſerve in danger left their ſafe command;
" The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men,
" For glorious arms forſook the peaceful pen;
" The Lords of Iſſachar with Deb'rah went,
" The Tribe with Barak to the vale was ſent,
" Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
" And ſhar'd the ſoldiers' toil to raiſe their heart.

" But Reuben's ſtrange diviſions juſtly wrought
" Amongſt his brethren deep concern of thought.
" Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
" How couldſt thou, Reuben! by the ſheepfolds ſtay,
" And let thy bleating flock divert thy days,
" That idlely paſs'd thee with inglorious eaſe?
" Divided Tribe! without thy dangers free,
" Deep were the ſearchings of our heart for thee.
" Our Gilead, too, by ſuch example ſway'd,
" With unconcern beyond the river ſtay'd;
" And Dan in ſhips at ſea for ſafety rode,
" And frighten'd Aſher in its rocks abode.
" Now ſing the field, the feats of war begun,
" And praiſe thy Naphtali with Zebulun;
" To deaths expos'd in poſts advanc'd they ſtood,
" With ſouls reſolv'd, and gallant rage of blood:
" Then came the kings and fought; the gather'd kings,
" By waters ſtreaming from Megiddo's ſprings,
" In Taanach vale ſuſtain'd the daring toil,
" Yet neither fought for pay nor won the ſpoil.
" The ſkies, indulgent in the cauſe of right,
" On Iſrael's ſide againſt their army fight;
" In evil aſpects ſtars and planets range,
" And by the weather in tempeſtuous change
" Promote the dire diſtreſs, and make it known
" That God has hoſts above to ſave his own.
" The Kiſhon ſwell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
" And roll'd them, ſinking, down its ſandy bed.

" O river Kiſhon! river of renown!
" And, O my Soul! that trod their glory down;
" The ſtony paths, by which diſorder'd flight
" Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
" With rugged points their horſes' hoofs diſtreſt,
" And broke them, prancing in impetuous haſte.
" Curſe, curſe ye Meroz; curſe the town abhorr'd,
" (So ſpake the glorious angel of the Lord)
" For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
" To join that ſide on which the Lord declar'd:
" But bleſs ye Jael; be the Kenites' name
" Above our women's bleſs'd in endleſs fame.
" The captain, faint with ſore fatigue of flight,
" Implor'd for water to ſupport his might,
" And milk ſhe pour'd him, while he water ſought,
" And in her lordly diſh her butter brought.
" With courage well deſerving to prevail,
" One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
" And him reclin'd to ſleep ſhe boldly flew;
" She ſmote, ſhe pierc'd, ſhe ſtruck, the temples through:
" Before her feet, reluctant, on the clay
" He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
" He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By ſuch degrees,
" As thrice ſhe ſtruck, each ſtroke's effect ſhe ſees.
" His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes,
" And, grown impatient, thro' the lattice cries,
" Why moves the chariot of my ſon ſo ſlow?
" Or what affairs retard his coming ſo?

"Her ladies anſwer'd—but ſhe would not ſtay,
"(For pride had taught what flatt'ry meant to ſay)
"They'ave ſped, ſhe ſays; and now the prey they ſhare,
"For each a damſel, or a lovely pair,
"For Sis'ra's part a robe of gallant grace,
"Where diverſe colours rich embroid'ry trace,
"Meet for the necks of thoſe who win the ſpoil
"When triumph offers its reward for toil.
"Thus periſh all whom God's decrees oppoſe;
"Thus, like the vanquiſh'd, periſh all thy foes;
"But let the men that in thy name delight
"Be like the ſun in heav'nly glory bright,
"When mounted on the dawn he poſts away,
"And with full ſtrength increaſes on the day."
'Twas here the propheteſs reſpir'd from ſong,
Then loudly ſhouted all the cheerful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of ſorrow gave their ancient place
To pleaſure, drawn in ſmiles on ev'ry face:
The groans of ſlav'ry were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the bleſſing ſprung;
And as they ſhouted from the breezy weſt,
Amongſt the plumes that deck the ſingers' creſt,
The ſpirit of Applauſe itſelf convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd.
Such was the caſe, (or ſuch ideas flow
From thought repleniſh'd with triumphant ſhow)

What rais'd their joy their love could alfo raife,
And each contended in the words of praife,
And ev'ry word proclaim'd the wonders paft,
And God was ftill the firft and ftill the laft;
Deep in their fouls the fair impreffion lay,
Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.
From hence the refcu'd generation ftill
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the punifhment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.
From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face ferene with fettled favour fhin'd,
Fair banifh'd Order was recall'd in ftate,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate;
Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with [Peace,
Gay-blooming Plenty rofe with large increafe,
Sweet Mercy thofe who thought on mercy bleft,
And fo for forty years the land had reft.
Reft, happy Land! a while; ah! longer fo,
Didft thou thine happinefs fincerely know;
But foon thy quiet with thy goodnefs paft,
And in the fong alone obtain'd to laft.
Live, Song triumphant! live in fair record,
And teach fucceeding times to fear the Lord,
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a facred rage and heav'nly flame,
I ftrive to fing thine univerfal aim;

To quit the ſubject, and in lays ſublime
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my Verſes! with applying ſtrain,
Go form a triumph not aſcrib'd to men.
Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And ſtorms of trouble drive along the ſky;
Then, humble Piety, thine accents raiſe,
For prayer will prove the pow'rful charm of eaſe.
Lo! now my ſoul has ſpoke its beſt deſires,
How bleſſings anſwer what the pray'r requires!
Before thy ſighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The ſtorms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant Glory, from her upper ſphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.
Riſe, lovely Piety! from earthy bed,
The parted flame deſcends upon thine head;
This wondrous mitre, fram'd by ſacred Love,
And for thy triumph ſent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aſpires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Riſe, lovely Piety! with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy! lend thy chariot here,
On either ſide fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace,
While Irreligion, mutt'ring horrid ſound,
With fierce and proud Oppreſſion, backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the duſty plain,
And, gnaſhing, lick the ground, and curſe with pain.

Now come ye thouſands, and more thouſands yet,
With order join to fill the train of ſtate;
Souls tun'd for praiſing to the temple bring,
And thus amidſt the ſacred muſic ſing;
"Hail, Piety! triumphant Goodneſs, hail!
"Hail, O prevailing, ever, O, prevail!
"At thine entreaty Juſtice leaves to frown,
"And Wrath appeaſing lays the thunder down;
"The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
"Love aſks a bleſſing, and the Lord returns.
"In his great name that heav'n and earth has made,
"In his great name alone we find our aid;
"Then bleſs the name, and let the world adore
"From this time forward, and for evermore."

HANNAH.

Now crowds move off, retiring trumpets ſound
On echoes dying in their laſt rebound,
The notes of fancy ſeem no longer ſtrong,
But ſweet'ning, cloſes fit a private ſong.
So when the ſtorms forſake the ſea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blaſts tumult'ous rage proclaim,
But ſweep in murmurs o'er a murm'ring ſtream.
  Then ſeek the ſubject, and its ſong be mine,
Whoſe numbers mix'd in ſacred ſtory ſhine:
Go, brightly-working Thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hov'ring pinions lie,
And beat with ſtronger force to make thee riſe
Where beauteous Hannah meets the ſearching eyes.
  There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's:
Carv'd pillars filleted with ſilver rear,
To cloſe the curtains in an outward ſquare,
But thoſe within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.
  Here Eli comes to take the reſting ſeat,
Slow moving forward with a rev'rend gait,
Sacred in office, venerably ſage,
And venerably great in ſilver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage life;

Like ſummer mornings ſhe to ſight appears,
Bedew'd and ſhining in the midſt of tears;
Her heart in bitterneſs of grief ſhe bow'd,
And thus her wiſhes to the Lord ſhe vow'd:
" If thou thine handmaid with compaſſion ſee,
" If I, my God! am not forgot by thee,
" If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
" The child I wiſh for all his days be thine;
" His life devoted in thy courts be led,
" And not a razor come upon his head."
So from receſſes of her inmoſt ſoul,
Thro' moving lips her ſtill devotion ſtole,
As ſilent waters glide thro' parted trees,
Whoſe branches tremble with a riſing breeze;
The words were loſt becauſe her heart was low,
But free deſire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and with a voice ſevere,
While yet ſhe multiply'd her thoughts in pray'r,
" How long ſhall wine," he cries, " diſtract thy breaſt?
" Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by reſt."
" Ah!" ſays the mourner, " count not this for ſin,
" It is not wine, but grief that works within;
" The ſpirit of thy wretched handmaid know,
" Her prayers complaint, and her condition woe."
Then ſpake the ſacred prieſt; " In peace depart,
" And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart."
His bleſſing thus pronounc'd with awful ſound,
The vot'ry bending leaves the ſolemn ground;

She ſeems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll
With joy that dawns in thought upon the ſoul.
  Now let the town, and tent, and court, remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again;
As painted proſpects ſkip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently ſeen,
And leave their intervals that ſink below
In deep retreat, and unexpreſs'd to ſhow.
  Behold! ſhe comes, (but not as once ſhe came,
To grieve, to ſigh, and teach her eyes to ſtream)
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and ſmiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms ſhe bears,
The wiſh of long deſire, and child of pray'rs,
And as the ſacrifice ſhe brought begun,
To rev'rend Eli ſhe preſents her ſon.
" Here," cries the mother, " here my Lord may ſee
" The woman come who pray'd in grief by thee;
" The child I ſued for God in bounty gave,
" And what he granted let him now receive."
  But ſtill the vot'ry feels her temper move
With all the tender violence of love,
That ſtill enjoys the gift, and inly burns,
To ſearch for larger or for more returns;
Then fill'd with bleſſings which allure to praiſe,
And rais'd by joy to ſoul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In ſweet effuſions of the grateful mind.

" My lifting heart with more than common heat
" Sends up its thanks to God on ev'ry beat;
" My glory, rais'd above the reach of fcorn,
" To God exalts its highly-planted horn;
" My mouth enlarg'd mine enemies defies,
" And finds in God's falvation full replies.
" Oh, bright in holy beauty's pow'r divine!
" There's none whofe glory can compare with thine;
" None fhare thine honours; nay, there's none befide,
" No rock on which thy creatures can confide.
" Ye proud in fpirit! who your gifts adore,
" Unlearn the faults, and fpeak with pride no more;
" No more your words in arrogance be fhown,
" Nor call the works of Providence your own,
" Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
" And as he will his acts of pow'r difpofe.
" The ftrong, whofe finewy forces arch'd the bow,
" Have feen it fhatter'd by the conqu'ring foe;
" The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
" And new-fprung vigour in the limbs increafe;
" The full, whom vary'd taftes of plenty fed,
" Have let their labour out to gain their bread;
" The poor, that languifh'd in a ftarving ftate,
" Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat;
" The barren womb, no longer barren now,
" (Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
" In pleafure wonders at a mother's pain,
" And fees her offspring, and conceives again,
" While fhe that glory'd in her num'rous heirs,
" Now broke by feeblenefs no longer bears.

"Such turns their riſing from the Lord derive,
"The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;
"He brings by ſickneſs down to gaping graves,
"And by reſtoring health from ſickneſs ſaves;
"He makes the poor by keeping back his ſtore,
"And makes the rich by bleſſing men with more;
"He ſinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
"Or lifts them, bounding with enliven'd joys.
"He takes the beggar from his humble clay,
"From off the dunghill where deſpis'd he lay,
"To mix with princes in a rank ſupreme,
"Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
"For all the pillars of exalted ſtate,
"So nobly firm, ſo beautifully great,
"Whoſe various orders bear the rounded ball,
"Which would without them to confuſion fall,
"All are the Lord's, at his diſpoſure ſtand,
"And prop the govern'd world at his command.
"His mercy, ſtill more wonderfully ſweet,
"Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
"While thro' the darkneſs of the wicked ſoul
"Amazement, dread, and deſperation, roll,
"While envy ſtops their tongues, and hopeleſs grief,
"That ſees their fears, but not their fears' relief;
"And they their ſtrength as unavailing view,
"Since none ſhall truſt in that and ſafety too.
"The foes of Iſrael, for his Iſrael's ſake,
"God will to pieces in his anger break;
"His bolts of thunder, from an open'd ſky,
"Shall on their heads with force unerring fly;

" His voice ſhall call, and all the world ſhall hear,
" And all for ſentence at his ſeat appear."
But mount to gentler praiſes, mount again;
My thoughts, prophetic of Meſſiah's reign,
Perceive the glories which around him ſhine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repoſe,
The vow's accepted, and the vot'ry goes:
But thou, my Soul! upon her accents hung,
And ſweetly pleas'd with what ſhe ſweetly ſung,
Prolong the pleaſure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and ſee the ſubject riſe.
In her peculiar caſe the ſong begun,
And for a while thro' private bleſſings run,
As thro' their banks the curling waters play,
And, ſoft in murmurs, kiſs the flow'ry way;
With force increaſing then ſhe leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds,
Spreads wide and wider, till vaſt ſeas appear,
And boundleſs views of Providence are here.
How ſwift theſe views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves puſh forward in the tide!
How ſwift thy wonders o'er my fancy ſweep,
O Providence! thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where reſignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and ſing,
But bold preſumptuous reas'nings diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praife,
But from himfelf his happinefs derives,
And thanks his wifdom when by thine he thrives;
His limbs at eafe in foft repofe he fpreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights on flow'ry beds,
And while his fenfe the fragrant breezes kifs,
He meditates a waking dream of blifs;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely fmiles in ev'ry taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps arife,
Difplay their glitt'ring forms, and fix his eyes:
Thus drawn with pleafures in a charming view,
Rifing he reaches, and would fain purfue,
But ftill the fleeting fhadows mock his care,
And ftill his fingers grafp at yielding air.
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant;
If, then, perfifting in the vain defign
We look for blifs without an help divine,
We ftill may fearch, and fearch without relief,
Nor only want a blifs, but find a grief.
That fuch conviction may to fight appear,
Sit down, ye fons of Men! fpectators here,
Behold a fcene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively fcene inftruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rife,
Then caft it off to flote upon the fkies;
Still fwell its fides with breath— O beauteous frame!
It grows, it fhines; be now the World thy name.
Methinks creation forms itfelf within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are feen,
The fkies above prefent an azure fhow,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I'll wind myfelf in this delightful fphere,
And live a thoufand years of pleafure there
Roll'd up in bliffes which around me clofe,
And now regal'd with thefe, and now with thofe.
Falfe hope, but falfer words of joy, farewell!
You 'ave rent the lodging where I meant to dwell;
My bubbles burft, my profpects difappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming fouls awake,
And Hannah's ftrains their juft impreffion make,
The boundlefs pow'r of Providence we know,
And fix our truft on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatnefs own,
Looks down ferenely from his ftarry throne,
And bids the bleffed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories and prepare to run;
For which our thanks be juftly fent above,
Enlarg'd by gladnefs, and infpir'd with love;
For which his praifes be for ever fung,
O fweet employment of the grateful tongue!

Burſt forth, my Temper! in a godly flame,
For all his bleſſings laud his holy name;
That e'er mine eyes ſaluted cheerful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O! could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquiſitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by ſenſe, and God by thought;
That living ſtreams thro' living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's courſe abide;
That for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That Mercy's ever inexhauſted ſtore
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promiſe more,
And all the proffers ſtream with grace divine,
And all the promiſes with glory ſhine.
O praiſe the Lord, my Soul! in one accord
Let all that is within me praiſe the Lord.
O praiſe the Lord, my Soul! and ever ſtrive
To keep the ſweet remembrances alive;
Still raiſe the kind affections of thine heart,
Raiſe ev'ry grateful word to bear a part,
With ev'ry word the ſtrains of love deviſe,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyſelf ariſe;
Then if his mercy be not half expreſt,
Let wond'ring ſilence magnify the reſt.

DAVID.

My thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently ravifh'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praife, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute furprife,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moift'ning eyes;
Pleafure and Praife on one another break,
And Exclamation longs at heart to fpeak,
When thus my Genius, on the work defign'd
Awaiting clofely, guides the wand'ring mind.
If while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright aftonifhment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to fing,
Another's quill fhall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his mufic and his meafures here,
Whofe harp Devotion in a rapture ftrung,
And left no ftate of pious fouls unfung.
Him to the wond'ring world but newly fhown,
Celeftial Poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thoufand Hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair-blooming Innocence with tender years,
And native Sweetnefs for the ravifh'd ears,

Prepar'd to ſmile within his early ſong,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains, along;
Majeſtic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the ſceptre of her royal ſeat,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes and gilded arms,
Diſplay'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect theſe the ſacred Spirit came,
By mild infuſion of celeſtial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breaſt,
And breath'd his graces over all the reſt.
Ah! where the daring flights of men aſpire
To match his numbers with an equal fire,
In vain they ſtrive to make proud Babel riſe,
And with an earth-born labour touch the ſkies,
While I the glitt'ring page reſolve to view,
That will the ſubject of my lines renew,
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd ſhade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade,
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God muſt help or elſe I ſink.
As rolling rivers in their channels flow
Swift from aloft, but on the level flow,
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So, juſt ſo copious, move the Pſalmiſt's ſtrains;

So ſweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or ſo ſublimely great,
While Nature's ſeen in all her forms to ſhine,
And mix with beauties drawn from truth divine;
Sweet beauties (ſweet affection's endleſs rill)
That in the ſoul like honey-drops diſtil.
Hail, holy Spirit! hail, ſupremely kind!
Whoſe inſpirations thus enlarg'd the mind,
Who taught him what the gentle ſhepherd ſings,
What rich expreſſions ſuit the port of kings;
What daring words deſcribe the ſoldier's heat,
And what the prophet's ecſtaſies relate;
Nor let his worſt condition be forgot,
In all this ſplendour of exulted thought.
On one thy diff'rent ſorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all,
And while from heav'nly courts he feels a flame,
He ſings the place from whence the bleſſing came,
And makes his inſpirations ſweetly prove
The tuneful ſubject of the mind they move.
Immortal Spirit! light of life inſtill'd,
Who thus the boſom of a mortal fill'd,
Tho' weak my voice, and tho' my light be dim,
Yet fain I'd praiſe thy wondrous gifts in him:
Then ſince thine aid's attracted by deſire,
And they that ſpeak thee right muſt feel thy fire,
Vouchſafe a portion of thy grace divine,
And raiſe my voice, and in my numbers ſhine;

I ſing of David, David ſings of thee;
Aſſiſt the Pſalmiſt and his work in me.
But now, my Verſe! ariſing on the wing,
What part of all thy ſubject wilt thou ſing?
How fire thy firſt attempt? in what reſort
Of Paleſtina's plains or Salem's court?
Where, as his hands the ſolemn meaſure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confuſion fled;
Where, at the roſy ſpring of cheerful light,
(If pious Fame record tradition right)
A ſoft efflation of celeſtial fire
Came like a ruſhing breeze and ſhook the lyre,
Still ſweetly giving ev'ry trembling ſtring
So much of ſound as made him wake to ſing.
Within my view the country firſt appears,
The country firſt enjoy'd his youthful years;
Then frame thy ſhady landſcapes in my ſtrain,
Some conſcious mountain or accuſtom'd plain,
Where by the waters, on the graſs reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd, his mind;
For thro' the paths of rural life I'll ſtray,
And in his pleaſures paint a ſhepherd's day.
With grateful ſentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enliv'ning ſkill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty ſhed.
Awake, my tuneful Harp! awake, he cries;
Awake, my Lute! the ſun begins to riſe.

My God! I'm ready now; then takes a flight
To pureſt Piety's exalted height;
From thence his ſoul, with heav'n itſelf in view,
On humble prayers and humble praiſes flew;
The praiſe as pleaſing, and as ſweet the pray'r,
As incenſe curling up thro' morning air.

When tow'rds the field with early ſteps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps in ſweet melodious words of praiſe
He drew the proſpect which adorn'd his ways;
The ſoil but newly viſited with rain,
The river of the Lord with ſpringing grain
Enlarge, increaſe, the ſoft'ned furrow bleſt,
The year with goodneſs crown'd, with beauty dreſt,
And ſtill to pow'r divine aſcribe it all,
From whoſe high paths the drops of fatneſs fall,
Then in the ſong the ſmiling ſights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;
With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The paſtur'd green or ſoft aſcending hill,
Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd ſheep,
To boaſt their glories in the crowds they keep;
And corn that's waving in the weſtern gale,
With joyful ſound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely ſhepherd drove
To neighb'ring waters, to the neighb'ring grove,
To Jordan's flood, refreſh'd by cooling wind,
Or Cedron's brook, to moſſy banks confin'd,

In eaſy notes and guiſe of lowly ſwain
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the liſt'ning train.
"The Lord's my ſhepherd, bountiful and good,
"I cannot want ſince he provides me food;
"Me for his ſheep along the verdant meads,
"Me all too mean his tender mercy leads,
"To taſte the ſprings of life, and taſte repoſe
"Wherever living paſture ſweetly grows;
"And as I cannot want I need not fear,
"For ſtill the preſence of my Shepherd's near;
"Thro' darkſome vales, where beaſts of prey reſort,
"Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,
"His rod and hook direct me when I ſtray,
"He calls to fold, and they direct my way."
Perhaps when, ſeated on the river's brink,
He ſaw the tender ſheep at noon-day drink,
He ſung the land where milk and honey glide,
And fatt'ning plenty rolls upon the tide:
Or, fix'd within the freſhneſs of a ſhade,
Whoſe boughs diffuſe their leaves around his head,
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then ſung the righteous in their happy ſtate,
And how, by providential care, ſucceſs
Shall all their actions in due ſeaſon bleſs.
So firm they ſtand, ſo beautiful they look;
As planted trees aſide the purling brook,
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain,

The leaves ſprout forth, the riſing branches ſhoot,
And ſummer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.
But if the flow'ry field with vary'd hue
And native ſweetneſs entertain'd his view,
The flow'ry field, with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours, roſe to paint his ſong;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And ſpake the life of tranſitory man.
As graſs ariſes by degrees, unſeen,
To deck the breaſt of earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the with'ring days,
And all the ſummer's beauteous pomp decays;
So by degrees, unſeen, doth man ariſe,
So blooms by courſe, and ſo by courſe he dies.
Or as her head the gaudy flowret heaves,
Spreads to the ſun, and boaſts her ſilken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory ſhed,
And then they fall before the time to fade;
So man appears, ſo falls in all his prime,
Ere age approaches on the ſteps of time.
But thee, my God! thee ſtill the ſame we find,
Thy glory laſting, and thy mercy kind,
That ſtill the juſt, and all his race, may know
No cauſe to mourn their ſwift account below.
When from beneath he ſaw the wand'ring ſheep
That graz'd the level range along the ſteep,
Then roſe, the wanton ſtragglers home to call
Before the pearly dews at ev'ning fall;

Perhaps new thoughts the riſing ground ſupply,
And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
" From pointed hills," he cries, " my wiſhes tend
" To that great hill from whence ſupports deſcend:
" The Lord's that hill, that place of ſure defence,
" My wants obtain their certain help from thence;
" And as large hills projected ſhadows throw,
" To ward the ſun from off the vales below,
" Or for their ſafety ſtop the blaſt above,
" That with raw vapours loaded nightly rove;
" So ſhall protection o'er his ſervants ſpread,
" And I repoſe beneath the ſacred ſhade,
" Unhurt by rage, that, like a ſummer's day,
" Deſtroys and ſcorches with impetuous ray;
" By waſting ſorrows undepriv'd of reſt,
" That fall like damps by moon-ſhine on the breaſt."
Here from the mind the proſpects ſeem to wear,
And leave the couch'd deſign appearing bare;
And now no more the ſhepherd ſings his hill,
But ſings the ſov'reign Lord's protection ſtill;
For as he ſees the night prepar'd to come
On wings of ev'ning, he prepares for home,
And in the ſong thus adds a bleſſing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore:
" Eternal Goodneſs manifeſtly ſtill
" Preſerves my ſoul from each approach of ill,
" Ends all my days as all my days begin,
" And keeps my goings-out and comings-in."

Here think the ſinking ſun deſcends apace,
And from thy firſt attempt, my Fancy! ceaſe;
Here bid the ruddy ſhepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, leſt the lion or the ſhagged bear
Thy tender lambs with ſavage hunger tear,
Tho' neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they ſtood reveal'd to fight;
Go, leſt thy wanton ſheep, returning home,
Should, as they paſs, thro' doubtful darkneſs roam;
Go, ruddy Youth! to Beth'lem turn thy way,
On Beth'lem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And ſees the creſcent riſe with ſilver light;
His words conſider all the ſparkling ſhow
With which the ſtars in golden order glow.
" And what is man," he cries, "that thus thy kind,
" Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
" For him they glitter; him the beaſts of prey,
" That ſcare my ſheep, and theſe my ſheep, obey.
" O Lord! our Lord, with how deſerv'd a fame
" Does earth record the glories of thy name!"
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road as finiſh'd with the ſong,
He ſings with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
" Be this, my God! an ev'ning ſacrifice."
But now the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whiſper'd breeze ſerenely roves,

Leave all the courſe of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another ſubject here,
For in my purpoſe new deſigns ariſe,
Whoſe bright'ning images engage mine eyes:
Then here, my Verſe! thy louder accents raiſe,
Thy theme thro' lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And ſtrive to touch his more exalted ſongs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he ſtrung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wiſdom choſe him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne,
That there his upright heart and prudent hand,
With more diſtinguiſh'd ſkill and high command,
Might act the ſhepherd in a noble ſphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then and juſtice ſing,
Thoſe radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
Beyond thoſe gems whoſe ſplendour decks a crown;
That fixing peace by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bear.
"To thee to whom theſe attributes belong,
"To thee, my God!" he cry'd, "I ſend my ſong;
"To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
"I ſing the forms in which my court I frame;
"Aſſiſt the models of imperfect ſkill,
"O come with ſacred aid, and fix my will!

"A wiſe behaviour in my private ways,
"And all my ſoul diſpos'd to public peace,
"Shall daily ſtrive to let my ſubjects ſee
"A perfect pattern how to live in me.
"Still will I think, as ſtill my glories riſe,
"To ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes;
"Nor will I chuſe the favourites of ſtate
"Among thoſe men that have incur'd thine hate,
"Whoſe vice but makes 'em ſcandalouſly great.
"'Tis time that all whoſe froward rage of heart
"Would vex my realm ſhall from my realm depart;
"'Tis time that all whoſe private ſland'ring lie
"Leads judgment falſely, ſhall by judgment die;
"And time the great, who looſe the reins to pride,
"Shall with neglect and ſcorn be laid aſide:
"But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
"I'll ſend my light with ſharp-diſarming ray;
"Thro' dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
"Thro' ſhades of peace, where modeſt tempers hide,
"To find the good that may ſupport my ſtate,
"And, having found them, then to make them great:
"My voice ſhall raiſe them from the lonely cell,
"With me to govern and with me to dwell:
"My voice ſhall Flatt'ry and Deceit diſgrace,
"And in their room exulted Virtue place,
"That with an early care and ſtedfaſt hand
"The wicked periſh from the faithful land."

When on the throne he ſat in calm repoſe,
And with a royal hope his offspring roſe,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;
Upon a good forecaſted thought they run,
For common bleſſings in the king begun;
For righteouſneſs and judgment ſtrictly fair,
Which from the king deſcends upon his heir:
So when his life and all his labour ceaſe,
The reign ſucceeding brings ſucceeding peace;
So ſtill the poor ſhall find impartial laws,
And orphans ſtill a guardian of their cauſe;
And ſtern Oppreſſion have its galling yoke
And rabid teeth of prey to pieces broke:
Then wond'ring at the glories of his way,
His friends ſhall love, his daunted foes obey;
For peaceful commerce neigh'bring kings apply,
And with great preſents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums ſhall ſweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharſis, him the foreign iſles, ſhall greet,
And ev'ry nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far extended, grow
The type of great Meſſiah's reign below.
But worldly realms, that in his accents ſhine,
Are left beneath the full-advanc'd deſign,
When thoughts of empire in the mind increaſe
O'er all the limits that determine place,

If thus the monarch's rifing fancy move
To fearch for more unbounded realms above,
In which celeftial courts the king maintains
And o'er the vaft extent of Nature reigns;
He then defcribes, in elevated words,
His Ifrael's fhepherd as the Lord of lords.
How bright between the cherubims he fits!
What dazzling luftre all his throne emits!
How righteous, with judgment join'd, fupport
The regal feat, and dignify the court!
How faireft Honour and majeftic State
The prefence grace, and Strength and Beauty wait!
What glitt'ring minifters around him ftand,
To fly like winds or flames at his command!
How fure the beams on which his palace rife
Are fet in waters rais'd above the fkies!
How wide the fkies like outfpread curtains fly,
To vail majeftic light from human eye!
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where ftorms are bounded tho' they feem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, fo fulfil
The wife intentions of their Maker's will!
How well 'tis feen the great Eternal Mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind!
O wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories fhine
The heav'ns declare! for what they boaft is thine;
And yon' blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handywork difplays thy might!

Again the monarch touch'd another ſtrain,
Another province claim'd his verſe again,
Where goodneſs infinite has fix'd a ſway,
Whoſe outſtretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet ſtill in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with ſtedfaſt hand,
And bid the baſis ever firmly ſtand;
He bid the mountains from confuſion's heaps
Exalt their ſummits and aſſume their ſhapes;
He bid the waters like a garment ſpread,
To form large ſeas, and as he ſpake they fled:
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
And forward haſten till they form'd the ſea;
Then, left with lawleſs rage the ſurges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with ſhore:
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling ſteal
Thro' winding hills along the flow'ry vale,
To which the beaſts that graze the vale retreat
For cool refreſhings in the ſummer's heat,
While perch'd in leaves upon the tender ſprays
The birds around their ſinging voices raiſe.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forſake the chambers of the clouds on high;
And golden harveſt rich with ears of grain,
And ſpiry blades of graſs, adorn the plain,
And grapes luxuriant cheer the ſoul with wine,
And ointment ſhed to make the viſage ſhine;

Thro' trunks of trees fermenting ſap proceeds,
To feed and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
So ſhoots the fir, where airy ſtorks abide,
So cedar Lebanon's aſpiring pride,
Whoſe birds, by God's appointment in their neſt,
With green ſurrounded, lie ſecure of reſt.
Where ſmall increaſe the barren mountains give,
There kines adapted to the feeding live;
There flocks of goats in healthy paſtures browſe,
And in their rocky entrails rabbits houſe.
Where foreſts thick with ſhrub entangled ſtand,
Untrod the roads, and deſolate the land,
Theſe cloſe in coverts hide the beaſts of prey,
Till heavy darkneſs creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And in their method ſeek their meat from God;
And when the dawning edge of eaſtern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man next ſucceeding, from the ſweet repoſe
Of downy beds to work appointed goes:
When firſt the morning ſees the riſing ſun,
He ſees their labours both at once begun,
And night returning with its ſtarry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O manifold in works ſupremely wiſe,
How well thy gracious ſtore the world ſupplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodneſs call,
And that beſtows a due ſupport for all!

When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty ftoops to vifit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours ftream,
Back to the duft we turn from whence we came;
And when thy Spirit gives the vital heat,
A fure fucceffion keeps the kinds complete;
The propagated feeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you'ave feen th' effect reveal the caufe,
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus ftill his pow'r is o'er the world difplay'd,
And ftill rejoices in the world he made:
The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is King,
Let nations praife and praifes learn to fing.
My verfes here may change their ftyle again,
And trace the Pfalmift in another ftrain;
Where all his foul the foldier's fpirit warms,
And to the mufic fits the found of arms,
Where brave diforder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number fpeaks diforder well.
Arife, my Genius! and attempt the praife
Of dreaded pow'r and perilous effays,
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like diftant echoes give the faint repeat;
For who like him, with enterprifing pen,
Can paint the Lord of Hofts in wrath with men,
Or with juft images of tuneful lay
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?

He comes! the tumult of diſcording ſpheres,
The quiv'ring ſhocks of earth, confeſs their fears;
Thick ſmoke precede, and blaſts of angry breath,
That kindle dread-devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament with diſmal night
Bows down, and ſeems to fall upon the light;
The darkling miſts inwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempeſts ſound,
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the ſkies.
He comes! the clouds remove, the rattling hail
Deſcending, bounds and ſcatters o'er the vale;
His voice is heard, his thunder ſpeaks his ire,
His lightning blaſts with blue ſulphureous fire;
His brandiſh'd bolts with ſwift commiſſion go
To puniſh man's rebellious acts below;
His ſtern rebukes lay deepeſt ocean bare,
And ſolid earth by wide eruption tear;
Then glares the naked gulf with diſmal ray,
And then the dark foundations ſee the day.
O God! let mercy this thy war aſſwage;
Alas! no mortal can ſuſtain thy rage;
While I but ſtrive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confuſing paſſions in my boſom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled ſoul;
Remorſe with pity, fear with ſorrow, blend,
And I but ſtrive in vain. My Verſe! deſcend,

To leſs aſpiring paths direct thy flight,
Tho' ſtill the leſs may more than match thy might,
While I to ſecond agents tune the ſtrings,
And Iſrael's warrior Iſrael's battles ſings;
Great warrior he! and great to ſing of war,
Whoſe lines (if ever lines prevail'd ſo far)
Might pitch the tents, compoſe the ranks anew,
To combat ſound, and bring the toil to view.
O Nation! moſt ſecurely rais'd in name,
Whoſe fair records he wrote for endleſs fame;
O Nation! oft' victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conqueſts and thy thanks he ſhows:
For thus he ſung the realms that muſt be thine,
And made thee thus confeſs an aid divine.
" When Mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its ſway,
" And Iſrael paſs'd the deep-divided ſea:
" When Mercy ſpake it, haughty Pharaoh's hoſt,
" And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were toſt:
" When Mercy led us thro' the deſert ſand,
" We reach'd the borders of the Promis'd Land;
" Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
" And all thoſe kings by Mercy's help we fought:
" There with their monarch Amor's people bleed,
" For God was gracious, and the Tribes ſucceed:
" There monſt'rous Ogg was fell'd on Baſan's plain,
" For God was gracious to the Tribes again.
" At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
" And Iſrael ſings that God is gracious ſtill."

Nor has the warlike prince alone enroll'd
The wondrous fates their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
These too may challenge just returns of praise.
" My God!" he cries, " my surest rock of might,
" My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight,
" Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
" Nor find assistance but from thee alone:
" Thy strength is armour, and my path success;
" No pow'r like thee can thus securely bless:
" When troops united would arrest my course,
" I break their files, and thro' their order force
" When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,
" And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;
" And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
" As swift as hinds in chase I bound on high.
" My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
" And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;
" My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
" And kept from snares of planned ambush free;
" And when my foes forsake the field of fight,
" Then flush'd with conquest I pursue their flight:
" In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,
" The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
" As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
" And at my feet dejects the wounded foes:
" For help they call, but find their helpers gone,
" For God's against them, and I drive them on

"As whirling duſt in airy tumult fly
"Before the tempeſt that involves the ſky,
"And in my rage's unavoided ſway
"I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay."
The warrior thus in ſong his deeds expreſs'd,
Nor vainly boaſted what he but confeſs'd,
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praiſes ſhould refer to God.
And here, to make this bright deſign ariſe
In fairer ſplendour to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the public claim'd attempts of praiſe,
And public conqueſts where they jointly fought,
Thus ſtand recorded by reflecting thought.
"God ſent his Samuel from his holy ſeat
"To bear the promiſe of my future ſtate,
"And I rejoicing ſee the Tribes fulfil
"The promis'd purpoſe of almighty will.
"Subjected Sichem, ſweet Samaria's plain,
"And Succoth's vallies, have confeſs'd my reign;
"Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
"Manaſſeh's parted ſands accept my ſway;
"Strong Ephraim's ſons, and Ephraim's ports, are mine,
"And mine the throne of princely Judah's line:
"Then ſince my people with my ſtandard go,
"To bring the ſtrength of adverſe empire low,
"Let Moab's ſoil, to vile ſubjection brought,
"With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;

"Let vanquiſh'd Edom bow its humbled head,
"And tell how pompous on its pride I tread.
"And now, Philiſtia! with thy conqu'ring hoſt,
"Diſmay'd and broke, of conquer'd Iſrael boaſt;
"But if a ſeer of Rabbah yet remain
"On Johemaan's hill or Amon's plain,
"Lead forth our armies, Lord! regard our pray'r;
"Lead, Lord of Battles! and we'll conquer there."
As this the warrior ſpake his heart aroſe,
And thus with grateful turn perform'd the cloſe:
"Tho' men to men their beſt aſſiſtance lend,
"Yet men alone will but in vain befriend:
"Thro' God we work exploits of high renown;
"'Tis God that treads our great oppoſers down."
Hear now the praiſe of well-diſputed fields,
The beſt return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good reſtor'd when lovely Peace
Is join'd with Righteouſneſs in ſtrict embrace.
Hear, all ye Victors! what your ſword ſecures;
Hear, all you Nations! for the cauſe is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly ſound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken ſhafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When ſlow proceſſion's pomps augment the ſtate;
When Fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant ſong.

"Oh! clap your hands together; oh! rejoice
"In God with Melody's exalted voice;
"Your facred pfalm within his dwelling raife,
"And for a pure oblation offer praife,
"For the rich goodnefs plentifully fhows
"He profpers our defign upon our foes.
"Then hither, all ye Nations! hither run,
"Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
"Behold with what a mind, the heap of flain,
"He fpreads the fanguine furface of the plain,
"He makes the wars that mad Confufion hurl'd
"Be fpent in victories and leave the world;
"He breaks the bended bows, the fpears of ire,
"And burns the fhatter'd chariots in the fire,
"And bids the realms be ftill, the tumult ceafe,
"And know the Lord of war for Lord of peace.
"Now may the tender youth in goodnefs rife,
"Beneath the guidance of their parents' eyes,
"As tall young poplars when the ranger's nigh,
"To watch their rifings left they fhoot awry.
"Now may the beauteous daughters, bred with care,
"In modeft rules and pious acts of fear,
"Like polifh'd corners of the Temple be,
"So bright, fo fpotlefs, and fo fit for thee:
"Now may the various feafons blefs the foil,
"And plenteous gard'ners pay the ploughman's toil:
"Now fheep and kine upon the flow'ry meads
"Increafe in thoufands and ten thoufand heads;

"And now no more the found of grief complains
"For thofe that fall in fight or live in chains:
"Here when the bleffings are proclaim'd aloud,
"Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
"Let all that feel them thus confefs their part,
"Thus own their worth with one united heart.
"Happy the realm which God vouchfafes to blefs
"With all the glories of a bright fuccefs!
"And happy thrice the realm, if thus he pleafe
"To crown thofe glories with the fweets of eafe;
"From warfare finifh'd, on a chain of thought
"To bright attempts of future rapture wrought.
"Yet ftronger, yet thy pinions ftronger raife,
"Oh Fancy! reigning in the pow'r of lays;
"For Sion's Hill thine airy courfes hold,
"'Twas there thy David prophefy'd of old,
"And there devout in contemplation fit,
"In holy vifion and ecftatic fit."
Methinks I feem to feel the charm begin,
Now fweet contentment tunes my foul within;
Now wondrous foft arifing mufic plays,
And now full founds upon the fenfe increafe;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move
To court the Spirit from the realms above,
And pleas'd to come where Holinefs attends,
The courted Spirit from above defcends:
Hence on the lyre and voice new graces reft,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breaft;

Hence firm decrees his myſtic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heav'n's adamantine gate,
The glories of the moſt important age,
And Chriſt's bleſs'd empire ſeen by ſure preſage.
When, in a diſtant view, with inward eyes,
He ſees the Son deſcending from the ſkies,
To take the form of man for mankind's ſake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Meſſiah ſpeak;
" It is not, Father! blood of bullocks ſlain
" Can cleanſe the world from univerſal ſtain;
" Such off'rings are not here requir'd by thee,
" But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
" To perfect which, as ſervants' ears they drill,
" In ſign of op'ning to their maſters' will,
" Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
" My ſign of miniſtry, the body there.
" Prophetic volumes of our ſtate aſſign
" The world's redemption as an act of mine,
" And, lo! with cheerful and obedient heart
" I come, my Father! to perform my part."
So ſpake the Son, and left his throne above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love,
When with their monarch on the great deſcent
Sweet Humbleneſs and gentle Patience went;
Fair ſiſters both! both bleſs'd in his eſteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.
But now before the prophet's raviſh'd eyes
Succeeding proſpects of his life ariſe,

And here he teaches all the world to ſing
Thoſe ſtrains in which the nation own'd him king;
When boughs, as at an holy feaſt, they bear,
To ſhew the Godhead manifeſted there,
And garments, as a mark of glory, ſtrow'd,
Declar'd a prince proclaim'd upon the road.
" This day the Lord hath made we will employ
" In ſongs," he cries, " and conſecrate to joy.
" Hoſannah, Lord! hoſannah, ſhed thy peace,
" Hoſannah long-expecting nations' grace;
" Oh! bleſs'd in honour's height triumphant, thou
" That waſt to come, oh! bleſs thy people now."
'Twere eaſy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the ſweet engagement of the ſight;
But fleeting viſions each on other throng,
And change the muſic and demand the ſong.
Ah! muſic chang'd by ſadly-moving ſhow
Ah! ſong demanded in exceſs of woe!
For what was all the gracious Saviour's ſtay,
Whilſt here he trod in life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, perſecuted breath,
Neglected ſorrows, and afflicting death?
Approach, ye Sinners! think the garden ſhows
His bloody ſweat of full ariſing throes;
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
Thro' David's perſon, and in David's ſtrain:
" Oh, ſave me, God! thy floods about me roll,
" Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my ſoul;

"I come at length where rising waters drown,
"And sink in deep affliction deeply down.
"Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,
"Lie ready plac'd in ev'ry path I tread,
"And hell itself, with all that hell contains,
"Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains,
"To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,
"With strong temptations fasten on the mind."
Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,
Distracted fears and heaviness pursue.
Ye Sages! deeply read in human frame,
The passions' causes, and their wild extreme,
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss?
What other agony could equal his?
The music still proceeds with mournful airs,
And speaks the dangers as it speaks the fears.
"Oh! sacred Presence! from the Son withdrawn;
"Oh! God, my Father, whither art thou gone?
"Oh! must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
"And all my words of anguish fall in vain?
"The trouble's near in which my life will end,
"But none is near that will assistance lend;
"Like Basan's bulls my foes against me throng
"So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong,
"Like desert lions on their prey they go,
"So much their fierce desire of blood they show;
"As ploughers wound the ground they tore my back,
"And long deep furrows manifest the track:

"They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
"And caus'd ſharp pangs where nerves in numbers meet;
"Rich ſtreams of life forſake my rended veins,
"And fall like water ſpilt upon the plains;
"My bones, that us'd in hollow ſeats to cloſe,
"Disjoint with anguiſh of convulſive throes;
"My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
"As wax diſſolving runs before a flame;
"My ſtrength dries up, my fleſh the moiſture leaves,
"And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves.
"Alas! I thirſt; alas! for drink I call,
"For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
"To ſportful game the ſavage ſoldiers go,
"And for my veſture on my veſture threw;
"While all deride who ſee me thus forlorn,
"And ſhoot their lips, and ſhake their heads, in ſcorn:
"And with deſpiteful jeſt, Behold, they cry,
"The great peculiar darling of the ſky;
"He truſted God would ſave his ſoul from woe,
"Now God may have him if he loves him ſo.
"But to the duſt of death by quick decay
"I come; O Father! be not long away."
And was it thus the Prince of life was ſlain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthleſs men?
Yes, bleſſed Jeſus! thus in ev'ry line
Theſe ſuff'rings which the prophet ſpake were thine.
Come, Chriſtian! to the corpſe in ſpirit come,
And with true ſigns of grief ſurround the tomb:

Upon the threſhold-ſtone let Sin be ſlain,
Such ſacrifice will beſt avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, ſighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd deſires, bring holy fears,
And earneſt pray'r, expreſs'd from thoughts that roll
Thro' broken mind and groanings of the ſoul;
Theſe ſcatter on his his herſe, and ſo prepare
Thoſe obſequies the Jews deny'd him there,
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dreſs the vault, like lamps in ſacred urn:
There oft', my Soul! in ſuch a grateful way
Thine humbleſt homage with the godly pay.
  But David ſtrikes the ſounding chords anew,
And to thy firſt deſign recalls thy view;
From life to death, from death to life, he flies,
And ſtill purſues his object in his eyes,
And here recounts, in more enliven'd ſong,
The ſacred Preſence, not abſented long.
The fleſh not ſuffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The ſoul not ſuffer'd to remain in hell,
But as the conqueror fatigu'd in war
With hot purſuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repoſſeſs the ſky,
So bow'd the Son in life's uneaſy road,
With anxious toil, and thorny danger ſtrow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taſte the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;

So when he taſted theſe he rais'd his head,
And left the fabled manſions of the dead
Ere mould'ring time conſum'd the bones away,
Or ſlow corruption's worms had work'd decay;
Here faith's foundations all the ſoul employ,
With ſpringing graces ſpringing beams of joy,
Then paus'd the voice where Nature's ſeen to pauſe,
And for a time ſuſpend her ancient laws.
From hence ariſing as the glories riſe
That muſt advance above the lofty ſkies,
He runs with ſprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new ſongs with new celeſtial fire,
In which he ſhews by fair deſcription's ray
The Chriſt's aſcenſion to the realms of day;
When Juſtice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and ſheaths her angry blade,
And meditates rewards, and will reſtore
What Mercy woo'd him to forſake before;
When on a cloud with gilded edge of light
He roſe above the reach of human ſight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair:
" See," cries the prophet, " how the chariots wait
" To bear him upwards in triumphant ſtate!
" By twenty thouſands in unnumber'd throng,
" And angels draw the glitt'ring ranks along:
" The Lord amongſt them ſits in glory dreſs'd,
" Nor more the preſence Sinai Mount confeſs'd.

“ And now the chariots have begun to fly,
“ The triumph moves, the Lord aſcends on high,
“ And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
“ Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
“ While as he goes ſeraphic circles ſing
“ The wondrous conqueſt of their wondrous king;
“ With ſhouts of joy their heav'nly voices raiſe,
“ And with ſhrill trumpets manifeſt his praiſe.”
From ſuch a point of ſuch exceeding height,
A while my Verſes ſtoop their airy flight,
And ſeem for reſt on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that ſtand in white beneath,
That as they move and join the moving rear,
Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the croſs on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the ſpear his ſide;
Then where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high,
Let theſe adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious Love,
Leſt man, by ſuperſtitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Chriſt.
But ſtill the prophet in the ſpirit ſoars
To new Jeruſalem's imperial doors;
There ſees and hears the bleſs'd angelic throng,
There feels their muſic, and records their ſong;
Or, with the viſion warm'd, attempts to write
For thoſe inhabitants of native light,

And teaches harmony's diſtinguiſh'd parts
In ſweet reſpondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels ſing,
Their courſe containing on the flutter'd wing:
" Eternal Gates! your ſtately portals rear,
" Eternal Gates! your ways of joy prepare,
" The King of glory for admittance ſtays;
" He comes, he'll enter; O prepare your ways!"
Then bright archangels that attend the wall
Might thus upon the beauteous order call;
" Ye Fellow-miniſters! that now proclaim
" Your King of glory, tell his awful name."
At which the beauteous order will accord,
And found of ſolemn notes pronounce the Lord!
" The Lord! endow'd with ſtrength, renown'd for might,
" With ſpoils returning from the finiſh'd fight."
Again with lays they charm the ſacred gates,
And graces double while the ſong repeats;
Again within the ſacred guardians ſing,
And aſk the name of their victorious King;
And then again the Lord's, the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
New thrones and pow'rs appear to lift the gate,
And David ſtill purſues their enter'd ſtate.
" Oh Prophet! Father! whither would'ſt thou fly?
" Oh, myſtic Iſrael's chariot for the ſky."
Thou ſacred Spirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee ſupported, ſoars his airy flight!

For glimpſe of majeſty divine is brought
Among the ſhifted proſpects of the thought;
Dread ſacred ſight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But ſit beneath the ſingers' feet and hear,
And hold each ſound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by pow'r of verſe confin'd.
  Ye dreadful miniſters of God! diſpleas'd,
Send blaſting tempeſts be no longer rais'd:
Ye deep-mouth'd Thunders! leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne,
The ſtill ſmall voice more juſtly will expreſs
How great Jehovah did the Lord addreſs.
And you, bright feather'd choirs of endleſs peace!
A while from tuneful hallelujahs ceaſe;
A while ſtand fix'd with deep attentive care,
You'll have the time to ſing for ever there;
The royal prophet will the ſilence break,
And in his words almighty Goodneſs ſpeak.
He ſpake, (and ſmil'd to ſee the bus'neſs done)
" Thou art my firſt, my great begotten Son;
" Here on the right of Majeſty ſit down,
" Enjoy thy conqueſt, and receive thy crown,
" While I thy worſhip and renown complete,
" And make thy foes the footſtool of thy feet;
" For I'll pronounce the long reſolv'd decree,
" My ſacred Sion be reſerv'd for thee;
" From thence thy peaceful rod of pow'r extend,
" From thence thy meſſenger of mercy ſend,

" And teach thy vanquiſh'd enemies to bow,
" And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now:
" Then ready nations to their rightful King
" The free-will off'rings of their hearts ſhall bring,
" In holy beauties for acceptance dreſs'd,
" And ready nations be with pardon bleſs'd;
" Mean while thy dawn of truth begins the day,
" Enlighten'd ſubjects ſhall increaſe thy ſway
" With ſuch a ſplendid and unnumber'd train,
" As dews in morning fill the graſſy plain.
" This by myſelf I ſwore; the great intent
" Has paſt my ſanction, and I can't repent;
" Thou art a king and prieſt of peace below,
" Like Salem's monarch, and for ever ſo.
" Aſk what thou wilt,'tis thine; the Gentiles claim,
" For thy poſſeſſion take the world's extreme:
" The kings ſhall rage, the parties ſtrive, in vain,
" By perſecuting rage, to break thy reign.
" Thou art my Chriſt, and they that ſtill can be
" Rebellious ſubjects be deſtroy'd by thee.
" Bring, like the potter, to ſevere decay
" Thy worthleſs creatures, found in humble clay.
" Then hear, ye Monarchs! and, ye Judges! hear,
" Rejoice with trembling, ſerve the Lord with fear;
" In his commands with ſigns of homage move,
" And kiſs the gracious offers of his love:
" Ye ſurely periſh if his anger flame,
" And only they be bleſs'd that bleſs his name."

Thus does the Chriſt in David's anthems ſhine,
With full magnificence of art divine,
Then on his ſubjects gifts of grace beſtow,
And ſpread his image on their hearts below;
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The ſacred unction and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They ſcatter medals of themſelves around;
There heav'nly ſingers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things,
Relate his glory's everlaſting prime,
His fame continu'd with the length of time,
Where'er the ſun ſhall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing moons diffuſe the ſilver'd gleam,
Where'er the waves of rolling ocean ſent,
Encompaſs land with arms of wide extent.
" Hail, full of mercy!" ready nations cry;
" Hail, for ever, ever bleſs'd, on high!
" Hail, oh, for ever, on thy beauteous throne!
" Thou Lord that workeſt wondrous things alone,
" Still let thy glory to the world appear,
" And all the riches of thy goodneſs hear."
But thou, fair Church! in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the prince above,
Behold him fairer than the ſons of men,
Embrace his offer'd heart, and ſhare his reign.
In Moſes' laws they bred thy tender years,
But now to new commands incline thine ears;

Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's houfehold, for thy fpoufe is kind;
Within thy foul let vain affections die,
Him only worfhip, and with him comply;
So fhall thy Spoufe's heart with thine agree,
So fhall his fervour ftill increafe for thee.
Come while he calls, fupremely favour'd Queen!
In heav'nly glories drefs thy foul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In clofe connection of the virtues wrought,
Let thefe around thee for a garment fhine,
And be the work to make them pleafing thine.
Come, lovely Queen! advance with ftately port,
Thy good companions fhall complete thy court,
With joyful fouls their joyful entrance fing,
And fill the palace of your gracious King.
What tho' thy Mofes and the prophets ceafe?
What tho' the priefthood leaves the fettled race?
The father's place their offspring well fupplies,
When at thy Spoufe's miniftry they rife;
When thy blefs'd houfehold on his orders go,
And rule for him where'er he reigns below.
Come, Queen exalted! come, my lafting fong
To future ages fhall thy fame prolong;
The joyful nations fhall thy praife proclaim,
And for their fafety crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! ftill thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David fung thy fervants find;

Still why thy David ſung thy ſervants ſee,
From thee ſent down, and ſent again to thee;
They ſee the words of thanks and love divine
In ſtrains myſterious intermingled ſhine,
As ſweet and rich unite in coſtly waves,
When purling gold the purpled web receives,
And ſtill the Church he ſhadow'd hears the lays
In daily ſervice as an aid to praiſe:
At theſe her temper good Devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms,
Then as ſhe ſtrives to reach the lofty ſky,
Bids Gratitude aſſiſt her will to fly;
In theſe our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by ſtrong deſire,
Then feels deſire in eager wiſhes move,
And wiſh determine in the point of love.
Such hymns to regulate, and ſuch to raiſe,
Approach, ye ſounding inſtruments of Praiſe!
'Tis fit you tune for him whoſe holy love,
In wiſh aſpiring to the choir above,
And fond to practice ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There where he plac'd you, with your ſolemn ſound,
For God's high glory fill the ſacred ground,
And there and ev'ry where his wondrous name
Within his firmament of pow'r proclaim.
Soft pleaſing lutes with eaſy ſweetneſs move,
To touch the ſentiments of heavenly love;

Aſſiſt the lyre and voice to tell the charms
That gently ſtole him from the Father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Aſſiſt the loud hoſannah rais'd on earth,
When on an aſs he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the ſong:
Full-tenor'd Pſalt'ry, join the doleful part
In which his agony poſſeſs'd his heart,
And ſeem to feel thyſelf, and ſeem to ſhow
A riſing heavineſs and ſigns of woe:
Sonorous Organ at his paſſion moan,
And utter forth thy ſympathiſing groan,
In big ſlow murmurs anxious ſorrow ſpeak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails ſhake,
As when he ſuffer'd, with complaining ſound
The ſtorms in vaulted caverns ſhook the ground:
Swift cheerful Cymbals give an airy ſtrain,
When having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And roſe to viſit thoſe he dy'd to ſave;
And as he mounts in ſong, and angels ſing,
With grand proceſſion their returning King,
Triumphant Trumpets raiſe their notes on high,
And make them ſeem to mount, and ſeem to fly:
Then all at once conſpire to praiſe the Lord
In muſic's full conſent and juſt accord.
Ye ſons of Art! in ſuch melodious way
Conclude the ſervice which you join to pay,

While nations ſing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and ſing aloud, Amen.
Here has my Fancy gone where David leads,
Now ſoftly pacing o'er the graſſy meads,
Now nobly mounting where the monarch's rear
The gilded ſpires of palaces in air,
Now ſhooting thence upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmoſt ſtretch aſcending far
Beyond the region of the fartheſt ſtar;
As ſharpeſt-ſighted eagles tow'ring fly,
To weather their broad ſails in open ſky,
At length on wings half clos'd ſlide gently down,
And one attempt ſhall all my labours crown:
In others' verſe the reſt be better ſhown,
But this is more, or ſhould be more, thine own.
If then the ſpirit that ſupports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large deſigns,
Let others riſe from earthly paſſion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme:
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with ſtrong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the duſky ſhades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyſs, and mount again alive.
But, oh, my God! may theſe unartful rhymes,
In ſober words of woe bemoan my crimes;
'Tis fit the ſorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;

'Tis fit, and David ſhews the moving way,
And with his pray'r inſtructs my ſoul to pray.
Then ſince thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And ſince my troubles ſhould with thine agree,
O Muſe! to glories in affliction born,
May thine humility my ſoul adorn;
For humbleſt prayers are moſt affecting ſtrains,
As mines lie rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want to render Mercy kind,
And ſuch an aid as here I want I find;
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!
My God! whoſe anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my ſins for juſtice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Thoſe ſweet celeſtial windows open wide,
And in full ſtreams let ſoft compaſſion glide;
There waſh my ſoul, and cleanſe it yet again,
O th'roughly cleanſe it from the guilty ſtain!
For I my life with inward anguiſh ſee,
And all its wretchedneſs confeſs to thee.
The large inditement ſtands before my view,
Drawn forth by conſcience, moſt amazing true,
And fill'd with ſecrets hid from human eye,
When, fooliſh Man! thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou Majeſty divinely great!
Accept the ſad confeſſions I repeat,

Which clear thy juſtice to the world below,
Should diſmal ſentence doom my ſoul to woe.
When in the ſilent womb my ſhape was made,
And from the womb to lightſome life convey'd,
Curs'd ſin began to take unhappy root,
And thro' my veins its early fibres ſhoot;
And then what goodneſs did'ſt thou ſhew, to kill
The riſing weeds and principles of ill!
When to my breaſt, in fair celeſtial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wiſdom came,
Bright gift, by ſimple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot:
This wondrous help, which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue ſtill, for ſtill thine aid I want:
And as the men whom leproſies invade,
Or they that touch the carcaſs of the dead,
With hyſop ſprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureneſs in the law regain'd;
So purge my ſoul, diſeas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of ſin.
For ſuch bleſs'd favours at thine hand I ſue,
Be grace thine hyſop, and thy water too;
Then ſhall my whiteneſs for perfection vie
With blanching ſnows that newly leave the ſky.
Thus thro' my mind thy voice of gladneſs ſend,
Thus ſpeak the joyful word, "I will, be clean'd;"
That all my ſtrength, conſum'd with mournful pain,
May by thy ſaving health rejoice again,

And now no more my foul offences see ;
Oh! turn from these, but turn thee not from me:
Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,
Oh! blot them with oblivion's endless night.
Then further pureness to thy servant grant;
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is so great,
It seems a new creation to restore
Its fall'n estate to what it was before.
Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
And all its passions in their course arrest,
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way.
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
Oh! ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd
To present joy which conscious hopes afford.
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
And learn thy worship and thy works from me;
For I to such occasions of thy praise
Will tune my lyre and consecrate my lays.
Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung,
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer
Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there;

Yet neither prayer I'd give; nor ſongs, alone,
If either off'rings were as much thy own;
But thine's the contrite ſpirit, thine's an heart
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, broke with inward ſmart,
That at thy footſtool in confeſſion ſhows
How well its faults, how well the judge, it knows;
That ſin with ſober reſolution flies,
This gift thy mercy never will deſpiſe.
Then in my ſoul a myſtic altar rear,
And ſuch a ſacrifice I'll offer there;
There ſhall it ſtand, in vows of virtue bound,
There falling tears ſhall waſh it all around,
And ſharp remorſe, yet ſharper edg'd by woe,
Deſerv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
There ſhall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
Inſtead of incenſe, to perfume the ſky,
And thence my willing heart aſpires above,
A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

As thro' the Pſalms from theme to theme I chang'd,
Methinks like Eve in Paradiſe I rang'd,
And ev'ry grace of ſong I ſeem'd to ſee,
As the gay pride of ev'ry ſeaſon, ſhe;
She gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the ſpringing beauties of the ground,
The lily gliſt'ring with the morning dew,
The roſe in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thouſand ſhows;
Then here and there perhaps ſhe pull'd a flow'r
To ſtrew with moſs, and paint her leafy bow'r;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Choſe a bright ſtrain, and bid it deck my ſong.
But now the ſacred Singer leaves mine eye;
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high:
Ere this, Devotion bore his heav'nly Pſalms,
And now himſelf bears up his harp and palms.
Go, Saint triumphant! leave the changing ſight,
So fitted out you ſuit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Thoſe realms have robes of more effulgent ſhow:
It flies, it falls; the flutt'ring ſilk I ſee,
Thy ſon has caught it, and he ſings like thee,
With ſuch election of a theme divine,
And ſuch ſweet grace as conquers all but thine.

Hence ev'ry writer o'er the fabled ſtreams,
Where frolic fancies ſport with idle dreams,
Or round the ſight enchanted clouds ſdipoſe,
Whence wanton Cupids ſhoot with gilded bows;
A nobler writer ſtrains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted fill my wond'ring thought;
The parted ſkies are track'd with flames above,
As Love deſcends to meet aſcending love;
The ſeaſons flouriſh where the Spouſes meet,
And earth in gardens ſpreads beneath their feet:
This freſh-bloom proſpect in the boſom throngs,
When Solomon begins his Song of Songs,
Bids the rap'd ſoul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the ſcenes of all his action there,
Where as he wrote, and from the bow'r ſurvey'd
The ſcenting groves, or anſw'ring knots he made,
His ſacred art the ſights of Nature brings
Beyond their uſe to figure heav'nly things.
Great Son of God! whoſe goſpel pleas'd to throw
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly ſhow,
Who made the vineyard oft' thy church deſign,
Who made the marriage-feaſt a type of thine,
Aſſiſt my verſes, which attempt to trace
The ſhadow'd beauties of celeſtial grace,
And with illapſes of ſeraphic fire
The work which pleas'd thee once once more inſpire.
Look, or Illuſion's airy viſions draw,
Or now I walk the gardens which I ſaw,

Where ſilver waters feed a flow'ring ſpring,
And winds ſalute it with a balmy wing;
There on a bank, whoſe ſhades directly riſe
To ſcreen the ſun, and not exclude the ſkies,
There ſits the ſacred Church: methinks I view
The Spouſe's aſpect and her enſigns too:
Her face has features where the Virtues reign,
Her hands the book of ſacred love contain;
A light (Truth's emblem) on her boſom ſhines,
And at her ſide the meekeſt Lamb reclines;
And oft' on heav'nly lectures in the book,
And oft' on heav'n itſelf, ſhe caſt a look;
Sweet, humble, fervent, zeal, that works within,
At length burſts forth, and raptures thus begin.
"Let him, that Him my ſoul adores above,
"In cloſe communions breathe his holy love,
"For theſe bleſs'd words his pleaſing lips impart,
"Beyond all cordials cheer the fainting heart.
"As rich and ſweet the precious ointments ſtream,
"So rich thy graces flow, ſo ſweet thy name
"Diffuſes ſacred joy; 'tis hence we find
"Affection rais'd in ev'ry virgin mind;
"For this we come, the daughters here and I,
"Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
"I fly through mercy, when my King invites,
"To tread his chambers of ſincere delights;
"There, join'd by myſtic union, I rejoice,
"Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,

" And celebrate thy joys, fupremely more
" Than earthly blifs; thus upright hearts adore.
" Nor you, ye Maids! who breathe of Salem's air,
" Nor you refufe that I conduct you there;
" Tho' clouding darknefs hath eclips'd my face,
" Dark as I am I fhine with beams of grace!
" As the black tents where Ifmael's line abides
" With glitt'ring trophies drefs their inward fides;
" Or as thy curtains, Solomon! are feen,
" Whofe plaits conceal a golden throne within.
" 'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal fight,
" And yet my vifage was by nature white,
" But fiery funs, which perfecute the meek,
" Found me abroad, and fcorch'd my rofy cheek:
" The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
" They made me drefs a vineyard not my own;
" Among their rites, (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
" And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
" By frailty loft, I gave my labour o'er,
" And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
" Behold I turn; O fay, my foul's defire!
" Where doft thou feed thy flock, and where retire
" To reft that flock when noon-tide heats arife?
" Shepherd of Ifrael! teach my dubious eyes
" To guide me right, for why fhould thine abide
" Where wand'ring fhepherds turn their flocks afide?"
So fpake the Church, and figh'd; a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead ftood reveal'd to fight,

And Heav'n and Nature ſmil'd; as white as ſnow
His ſeamleſs veſture looſely fell below;
Sedate and pleas'd he nodded; round his head
The pointed glory ſhook, and thus he ſaid;
"If thou, the lovelieſt of the beauteous kind,
"If thou canſt want thy Shepherd's walk to find,
"Go by the footſteps where my flocks have trod,
"My ſaints, obedient to the laws of God;
"Go where their tents my teaching ſervants rear,
"And feed the kids, thy young believers, there:
"Should thus my flocks increaſe, my fair delight,
"I view their numbers, and compare the ſight
"To Pharaoh's horſes when they take the field,
"Beat plains to duſt, and make the nations yield.
"With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
"And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
"For ſo like gems the riches of my grace,
"And ſo deſcending glory cheers thy face;
"Gay bridal robes a flow'ring ſilver ſtrows,
"Bright gold engrailing on the border glows."
He ſpake, the Spouſe admiring heard the ſound,
Then meekly bending on the ſacred ground,
She cries, "Oh, preſent to my raviſh'd breaſt!
"This ſweet communion is an inward feaſt;
"There ſits the King, while all around our heads
"His grace, my ſpikenard, pleaſing odours ſheds;
"About my ſoul his holy comfort flies,
"So cloſely treaſur'd in the boſom lies

" The bundled myrrh ſo ſweet, the ſcented gale
" Breaths all En-gedi's aromatic vale.
" Now, ſays the King, my Love! I ſee thee fair,
" Thine eyes for mildneſs with the dove's compare."
" No, thou, Belov'd! art fair," the Church replies,
" (Since all my beauties but from thee ariſe)
" All fair, all pleaſant; theſe communions ſhow
" Thy counſels pleaſant, and thy comforts ſo:
" And as at marriage-feaſts they ſtrow the flow'rs,
" With nuptial chaplets hang the ſummer bow'rs,
" And make the rooms of ſmelling cedars fine,
" Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
" I dreſs my ſoul with ſuch exceeding care,
" With ſuch, with more, to court thy preſence there."
" Well haſt thou prais'd," he ſays. "The Sharon roſe
" Thro' flow'ry fields a pleaſing odour throws,
" The valley-lilies raviſh'd ſenſe regale,
" And with pure whiteneſs paint their humble vale;
" Such names of ſweetneſs are thy lover's due,
" And thou, my Love! be thou a lily too,
" A lily ſet in thorns, for all I ſee,
" All other daughters, are as thorns to thee."
Then ſhe. " The trees that pleaſing apples yield
" Surpaſs the barren trees that clothe the field;
" So you ſurpaſs the ſons with worth divine,
" So ſhade, and fruit as well as ſhade, is thine.
" I ſat me down, and ſaw thy branches ſpread,
" And green protection flouriſh o'er my head;

" I ſaw thy fruit, the ſoul's celeſtial food,
" I pull'd, I taſted, and I found it good:
" Hence in the ſpirit to the bliſsful ſeats
" Where Love to feaſt myſteriouſly retreats,
" He led me forth ; I ſaw the banner rear,
" And Love was pencil'd for the motto there.
" Prophets and teachers in your care combine ;
" Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine ;
" The cordial promiſes of joys above,
" For hope deferr'd has made me ſick with love.
" Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond deſire,
" His hands ſupport me, laſt my life expire ;
" As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
" This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt."
Here ceas'd the Church, and lean'd her languid [head,
Bent down with joy, when thus the Lover ſaid:
" Behold, ye Daughters of the realm of Peace!
" She ſleeps, at leaſt her thoughts of ſorrow ceaſe.
" Now by the bounding roes, the ſkipping fawns,
" Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns,
" By all the tender innocents that rove,
" Your hourly charges in my ſacred grove,
" Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
" I would not have her wake but when ſhe will."
So reſt the Church and Spouſe: my verſes ſo
Appear to languiſh with the flames you ſhow,
And pauſing reſt; but not the pauſe be long,
For ſtill thy Solomon purſues the ſong.

Then keep the place in view; let ſweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
Let ſomething ſolemn overſpread the green,
Which ſeems to tell us here the Lord has been;
But let the virgin ſtill in proſpect ſhine,
And other ſtrains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes! ſhe riſes! bid the whiſp'ring breeze
More ſoftly whiſper in the waving trees,
Or fall with ſilent awe; bid all around
Before the Church's voice abate their ſound,
While thus her ſhadowy ſtrains attempt to ſhow
A future advent of the Spouſe below.
" Hark! my Beloved's voice! behold him too!
" Behold him coming in the diſtant view!
" No clamb'ring mountains make my lover ſtay,
" (For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
" Leaping he comes! how like the nimble roe
" He runs the paths his prophets us'd to ſhow!
" And now he looks from yon' partition wall,
" Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall;
" And now he's nearer in the promiſe ſeen,
" Too faint the ſight—'tis with a glaſs between;
" From hence I hear him as a lover ſpeak,
" Who near a window calls a fair to wake.
" Attend, ye Virgins! while the words that trace
" An op'ning ſpring deſign the day of grace.
" Hark! or I dream, or elſe I hear him ſay,
" Ariſe, my Love! my Fair One! come away;

" For now the tempeſts of thy winter end,
" Thick rains no more in heavy drops deſcend,
" Sweet painted flow'rs their ſilken leaves uncloſe,
" And dreſs the face of earth with vary'd ſhows;
" In the green wood the ſinging birds renew
" Their chirping notes, the ſilver turtles coo;
" The trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,
" And knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit;
" With fragrant ſcents the vines refreſh the day,
" Ariſe, my Love! my Fair One! come away.
" O come, my Dove! forſake thy cloſe retreat,
" For cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix'd thy ſeat,
" As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
" And ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.
" Now let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,
" Now let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,
" For in thy looks an humble mind I ſee,
" Prayer forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me:
" To ſave the bloomings of my vineyard haſte,
" Which foxes (falſe deluding teachers) waſte;
" Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there;
" Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care."
Thus ſpeaks my Love, ſurpriſing love divine!
" I thus am his, he thus for ever mine;
" And till he comes I find a preſence ſtill,
" Where ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will,
" Where down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,
" White types of innocence in humble ſhow.

“ O! till the ſpicy breath of heav'nly day,
“ Till all thy ſhadows fleet before thy ray,
“ Turn, my Beloved! with thy comforts here,
“ Turn in thy promiſe, in thy grace appear,
“ Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
“ To ſave themſelves, as thou to cheer thine own;
“ Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound
“ Before the ſtretches of the fleeteſt hound,
“ Skim the plain chaſe of lofty Bether's head,
“ And make the mountain wonder if they tread.”
But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid;
Then miſts ariſing ſtraight repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguis'd with night,
A pale horn'd creſcent leads a glimm'ring throng,
And groans of abſence jar within the ſong.
“ By night,” ſhe cries, “ a night which blots the [mind,
“ I ſeek the lover whom I fail to find;
“ When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
“ I ſearch, and vainly ſearch, with Reaſon's eye;
“ Riſe, fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er,
“ And aſk if others know thy lover more.
“ Dark as it is I riſe; the moon that ſhines
“ Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines,
“ I range the wandring road, the winding ſtreet,
“ And aſk, but aſk in vain, of all I meet,
“ Till, toil'd with ev'ry diſappointing place,
“ My ſteps the guardians of the Temple trace,

"Whom thus my wish accosts; "Ye sacred Guides!
"Ye Prophets! tell me where my Love resides?"
"'Twas well I question'd; scarce I pass'd them by
"Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh:
"And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
"How fast I'll hold thee till I make thee mine!
"My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
"Long waiting Israel wants thy presence there."
The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain,
The mists roll off, and quit the flow'ry plain.
"Yes, there I come," he says; "thy sorrow cease,
"And guard her, Daughters of the realms of Peace!
"By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,
"Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns;
"By all the tender innocents that rove,
"Your hourly charges in my sacred grove,
"Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
"I'll have her feel my comforts while she will."
Here hand in hand with cheerful heart they go,
When wand'ring Salem sees the solemn show,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters sing the approaching scene.
"Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
"High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
"For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,
"As grateful incense from the dome ascends.
"It seems the sweets from all Arabia shed
"Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.

" For her the King prepares a bed of ſtate,
" Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
" All myſtic Iſrael's ſons; 'tis there they quell
" The foes within, the foes without repell;
" The guard his miniſtry, their ſwords of fight
" His ſacred laws, her preſent ſtate of night.
" He forms a chariot, too, to bring her there,
" Not the carv'd frame of Solomon's ſo fair;
" Sweet ſmells the chariot as the Temple ſtood,
" The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
" High wreaths of ſilver'd columns prop the door,
" Fine gold entrail'd adorns the figur'd floor;
" Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above,
" And ſilk embroid'ry paints the midſt with love.
" Go forth, ye Daughters! Sion's daughters go;
" A greater Solomon exalts the ſhow;
" If crown'd with gold, and by the Queen beſtow'd,
" To grace his nuptials Jacob's monarch rode,
" A crown of glory from the King divine,
" To grace theſe nuptials makes the Saviour ſhine;
" While the bleſs'd pair, expreſs'd in emblem, ride,
" Meſſiah Solomon, his Church the bride."
Ye kind attendants, who with wond'ring eyes
Saw the grand entry, what you ſaid ſuffice;
You ſung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondneſs longs to ſing the dame.
He ſpeaks, admiring Nature ſtands around,
And learns new muſic while it hears the ſound.

" Behold, my Love! how fair thy beauties ſhow,
" Behold how more, how moſt extremely ſo!
" How ſtill to me thy conſtant eyes incline,
" I ſee the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
" Sweet thro' the lids they ſhine with modeſt care,
" And ſweet and modeſt is a virgin's air.
" How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
" The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
" So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
" Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;
" All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteneſs clouds,
" And the rich maſter glories in the crowds.
" How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
" Each anſw'ring each, whilſt all the public aid;
" Theſe lovely graces in my Church I find,
" This candour, order, and accorded mind.
" Thus when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
" His ſheep new ſhorn within the cryſtal wave,
" Waſh'd they return in ſuch unſully'd white,
" Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
" How pleaſe thy lips, adorn'd with native red!
" Art vainly mocks them in the ſcarlet thread;
" But if they part, what muſic wafts the air!
" So ſweet thy praiſes, and ſo ſoft thy prayer.
" If thro' thy looſen'd curls with honeſt ſhame
" Thy lovely temple's fine complexion flame,
" Whatever crimſon granate bloſſoms ſhow,
" 'Twas never theirs ſo much to pleaſe and glow.

" But what's thy neck, the poliſh'd form I ſee,
" Whoſe iv'ry ſtrength ſupports thine eyes, to me?
" Fair type of firmneſs when my ſaints aſpire
" The ſacred confidence that lifts deſire,
" As David's turret on the ſtately frame
" Upheld its thouſand conqu'ring ſhields of fame:
" And what thy breaſts? they ſtill demand my lays;
" What image wakes to charm me whilſt I gaze?
" Two lovely mountains, each exactly round,
" Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd,
" While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
" Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.
" Let this reſemblance ſpotleſs virtues ſhow,
" And in ſuch lilies feed my young below.
" But now farewell till night's dark ſhades decay,
" Farewell, my Virgin! till the break of day;
" Swift for the hills of ſpice and gums I fly,
" To breathe ſuch ſweets as ſcent a purer ſky;
" Yet as I leave thee, ſtill above compare,
" My Love! my Spotleſs! ſtill I find thee fair."
Here reſt, celeſtial Maid! for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promiſe ſlow;
Nor ſlow my fancy move; diſpel the ſhade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Ariſe, fair Sun! the Church attends to ſee
The Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe in thee.
Ariſe, fair Sun! and bid the Church adore,
'Tis then he'll court her whom he prais'd before.

As thus I ſing it ſhines; there ſeems a ſound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground;
I ſee their meeting, ſee the flow'ry ſcene,
And hear the myſtic love purſu'd again.
“ Now to the moünt, whoſe ſpice perfumes the day,
“ 'Tis I invite thee, come, my Spouſe! away;
“ Come, leave thy Lebanon; is ought we ſee
“ In all thy Lebanon compar'd to me?
“ Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wiſhful ſight,
“ From Hermon's, Shenir's, and Amana's height;
“ There dwells the leopard, there aſſaults the bear,
“ This world has ills, and ſuch may find thee there.
“ My Spouſe! my Siſter! O thy wondrous art,
“ Which thro' my boſom drew my raviſh'd heart!
“ Won by one eye my raviſh'd heart is gone,
“ For all thy ſeeing guides conſent as one;
“ Drawn by one chain which round thy body plies,
“ For all thy members one bleſs'd union ties.
“ My Spouſe! my Siſter! O the charm to pleaſe,
“ When love repaid returns my boſom eaſe!
“ Strongly thy love and ſtrongly wines reſtore,
“ But wines muſt yield, thy love enflames me more.
“ Sweetly thine ointments, (all thy virtues) ſmell,
“ Not altar ſpices pleaſe thy King ſo well.
“ How ſoft thy doctrine on thy lips reſides!
“ From thoſe two combs the dropping honey glides,
“ All pure without, as all within ſincere
“ Beneath thy tongue——I find it honey there.

" Ah! while thy graces thus around thee ſhine,
" The charms of Lebanon muſt yield to thine;
" His ſpring, his garden, ev'ry ſcented tree,
" My Spouſe! my Siſter! all I find in thee.
" Thee for myſelf I fence, I ſhut, I ſeal;
" Myſterious ſpring, myſterious garden, hail!
" A ſpring, a font, where heav'nly waters flow,
" A grove, a garden, where the graces grow:
" There riſe my fruits, my cyprus, and my fir,
" My ſaffron, ſpikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
" Perpetual fountains for their uſe abound,
" And ſtreams of favour feed the living ground."
Scarce ſpake the Chriſt when thus the Church replies,
And ſpread her arms where'er the ſpirit flies:
" Ye cooling Northern Gales! who freſhly ſhake
" My balmy reeds, ye Northern Gales! awake:
" And thou, the regent of the ſouthern ſky,
" O! ſoft inſpiring, o'er my garden fly!
" Unlock and waft my ſweets, that ev'ry grace
" In all its heav'nly life regale the place.
" If thus a paradiſe thy garden prove,
" 'Twere beſt prepar'd to entertain my Love;
" And that the pleaſing fruits may pleaſe the more,
" O think my proffer was thy gift before!"
At this the Saviour cries, " Behold me near,
" My Spouſe! my Siſter! O behold me here!
" To gather fruits I come at thy requeſt,
" And, pleas'd, my ſoul accepts the ſolemn feaſt;

" I gather myrrh with ſpice to ſcent the treat,
" My virgin-honey with the combs I eat ;
" I drink my ſweet'ning milk, my lively wine,
" (Theſe words of pleaſure mean thy gifts divine)
" To ſhare my bliſs my good elect I call,
" The Church (my garden) muſt include them all:
" Now ſit and banquet; now, Belov'd! you ſee
" What gifts I love, and prove theſe fruits with me.
" O might this ſweet communion ever laſt!
" But with the ſun the ſweet communion paſt;
" The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breaſt,
" Benumb'd and ſlumb'ring lies the Church to reſt.
" Paſs the ſweet alleys while the duſk abides,
" Seek the fair lodge in which the maid reſides."
Then, Fancy, ſeek the maid, at night again
The Chriſt will come, but comes, alas! in vain.
  I ſleep," ſhe ſays, "and yet my heart awakes;"
(There's ſtill ſome feeling while the lover ſpeaks)
With what fond fervour from without he cries,
" Ariſe, my Love! my Undefil'd! ariſe;
" My Dove ! my Siſter ! cold the dews alight,
" And fill my treſſes with the drops of night.
" Alas! I'm all unrob'd, I waſh'd my feet,
" I taſted ſlumber, and I find it ſweet."
" As thus my words refuſe, he ſlips his hands
" Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands.
" What ! tho' deny'd, ſo perſevering kind !
" Who long denies a perſevering mind ?

" From my wak'd ſoul my ſlothful temper flies, 475
" My bowels yearn, I riſe, my Love! I riſe;
" I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
" Thy ſmelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
" Now, where's my Love?— What! haſt thou left the
" O! to my ſoul repeat thy words of grace; [place?
" Speak in the dark, my Love! I ſeek thee round, 481
" And vainly ſeek thee till thou wilt be found.
" What! no return? I own my folly paſt,
" I lay too liſtleſs; ſpeak, my Love! at laſt. 484
" The guards have found me—Are ye guards indeed,
" Who ſmite the ſad, who make the feeble bleed?
" Dividing teachers theſe who wrong my name,
" Rend my long vail, and caſt me bare to ſhame.
" But you, ye Daughters of the realm of Reſt!
" If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breaſt, 490
" Tell my Belov'd how languiſhing I lie,
" How love has brought me near the point to die."
" And what Belov'd is this you would have found?"
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around. 494
" What wondrous thing, what charm beyond com-
" Say what's thy lover, Faireſt o'er the fair!" [pare?
" His face is white and ruddy," ſhe replies,
" So mercy join'd to juſtice tempers dyes;
" His lofty ſtature, where a myriad ſhine,
" O'ertops, and ſpeaks a majeſty divine; 500
" Fair honour crown's his head; the raven-black
" In buſhy curlings flows adown his back;

" Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
" White like the milk, and with a mildneſs grac'd,
" As the ſweet doves, whene'er thy fondly play
" By running waters in a glitt'ring day.
" Within his breath what pleaſing ſweetneſs grows!
" 'Tis ſpice exhal'd, and mingled on the roſe:
" Within his words what grace with goodneſs meets!
" So beds of lilies drop with balmy ſweets.
" What rings of Eaſtern price his finger hold!
" Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
" His iv'ry ſhape adorns a coſtly veſt,
" Work paints the ſkirts, and gems enrich the breaſt;
" His limbs beneath his ſhining ſandals caſe,
" Like marble columns on a golden baſe.
" Nor boaſts that mountain where the cedar-tree
" Perfumes our realm ſuch num'rous ſweets as he.
" O lovely All! what could my King require
" To make his preſence more the world's deſire?
" And now, ye Maids! if ſuch a friend you know,
" 'Tis ſuch my longings look to find below."
While thus her friend the Spouſe's anthems ſing,
Deck'd with the Thummim, crown'd a ſacred king,
The daughters' hearts the fine deſcription drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder aſk'd their view.
"Then where," they cry, "thou Faireſt o'er the fair!
" Where goes thy lover? tell the virgins where;
" What flow'ring walks invite his ſteps aſide?
" We'll help to ſeek him; let thoſe walks be try'd."

The Spouſe revolving here the grand deſcent,
"'Twas tha the promis'd; there," ſhe cries, "he went;
"He keeps a garden where the ſpice's breath
"Its bow'ring borders kiſs the vale beneath;
"'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
"And binds his flow'rets to unite their ſmells.
"O 'tis my height of love that I am his!
"O he is mine, and that's my height of bliſs!
"Deſcend, my Virgins! well I know the place,
"He feeds in lilies, that's a ſpotleſs race."
At dawning day the Bridegroom leaves a bow'r,
And here he waters, there he props a flow'r,
When the kind damſel, ſpring of heav'nly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came;
Then thus his love the Bridegroom's words repeat,
(The ſmelling borders lent them both a ſeat)
"O great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place;
"O fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of Peace;
"Whoſe aſpect, awful to the wond'ring eye,
"Appears like armies when the banners fly:
"O turn, my Siſter! O my beauteous Bride!
"Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aſide.
"How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
"The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
"So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
"Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
"How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
"Each anſw'ring each, while all the public aid;

" As when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
" His ſheep new ſhorn within the ſilver wave,
" Waſh'd they return in ſuch unſully'd white,
" So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
" How ſweet thy temples ! not pomegranates know
" With equal modeſt look to pleaſe and glow.
" If Solomon his life of pleaſure leads
" With wives in numbers and unnumber'd maids,
" In other paths my life of pleaſure ſhown,
" Admits my love, my undefil'd alone ;
" Thy mother Iſrael, ſhe, the dame who bore
" Her choice, my dove, my ſpotleſs, owns no more;
" The Gentile queens at thy appearance cry,
" Hail ! Queen of Nations ! Hail ! the maids reply ;
" And thus they ſing thy praiſe : What heav'nly dame
" Springs like the morning with a purple flame ?
" What riſes like the moon with ſilver light ?
" What like the ſun aſſiſts the world with ſight ?
" Yet awful ſtill, tho' thus ſerenely kind,
" Like hoſts with enſigns rattling in the wind.
" I grant I left thy ſight, I ſeem'd to go,
" But was I abſent when you fancy'd ſo ?
" Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
" Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal,
" Where blown pomegranates there I went to ſee,
" What knitting bloſſoms white the bearing tree !
" View the green buds, recall the wand'ring ſhoots,
" Smell my gay flow'rets, taſte my flavour'd fruits,

" Raiſe the curl'd vine, refreſh the ſpicy beds,
" And joy for ev'ry grace my garden ſheds."
The Saviour here, and here the Church, ariſe;
" And am I thus reſpected ?" thus ſhe cries.
" I mount for heav'n tranſported on the winds,
" My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds."
As rap'd with comfort thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where ſhe flew;
" And O ! return," they cry; " for thee we burn,
" O maid of Salem ! Salem's ſelf, return.
" And what's in Salem's maid we covet ſo ?
" Hear, all ye Nations !—'tis your bliſs below;
" That glorious viſion by the patriarch ſeen,
" When ſky-born beauties march'd the ſcented green,
" There the met ſaints and meeting angels came,
" Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name."
Again the maid reviews her ſacred ground,
Solemn ſhe ſits, the damſels ſing around.
" O prince's Daughter ! how with ſhining ſhow
" Thy golden ſhoes prepare thy feet below!
" How firm thy joints ! what temple-work can be,
" With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee ?
" In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
" Still flow the riches of abounding grace,
" Pure, large, refreſhing, as the waters fall
" From the carv'd navels of the ciſtern-wall;
" In thee the lover finds his race divine,
" You teem with numbers, they with virtues ſhine;

" So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
" The wheat's unnumber'd and the lilies white.
" Like tender roes thy breaſts appear above,
" Two types of innocence and twins of Love:
" Like iv'ry turrets ſeems thy neck to rear,
" O ſacred emblem! upright, firm, and fair!
" As Heſhbon pools, which with a ſilver ſtate
" Diffuſe their waters at their city gate,
" For ever ſo thy virgin eyes remain,
" So clear within, and ſo without ſerene.
" As thro' ſweet fir the royal turret ſhows
" Whence Lebanon ſurveys a realm of foes,
" So thro' thy lovely curls appear thy face
" To watch thy foes and guard thy faithful race.
" The richeſt colours flow'ry Carmel wears,
" Red fillets croſs'd with purple braid thy hairs;
" Yet not more ſtrictly theſe thy locks reſtrain,
" Than thou thy King with ſtrong affections chain,
" When from his palace he enjoys thy ſight,
" O Love! O Beauty! form'd for all delight.
" Straight is thy goodly ſtature, firm, and high,
" As palms aſpiring in the brighter ſky;
" Thy breaſts the cluſter, (if thoſe breaſts we view
" As late for beauty, now for profit too)
" Woo'd to thine arms, thoſe arms that oft' extend
" In the kind poſture of a waiting friend,
" Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
" Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.

"O more than grapes thy fruit delights the maids!
"Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades;
"Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
"From those sweet lips with more refreshment flow;
"Their pow'rful graces slumb'ring souls awake,
"And cause the dead that hear thy voice to speak."
This anthem sung, the glorious Spouse arose,
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes.
"If ought, my Damsels! in the Spouse ye find
"Deserving praises, think the lover kind;
"To my Belov'd these marriage-robes I owe,
"I'm his desire, and he would have it so."
Scarce spake the Spouse but see the lover near,
Her humble temper brought the Presence here,
Then rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,
No second languor lets her Lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
And thus her haste to work his will she sings;
"Come, my Beloved! to the fields repair,
"Come where another spot demands our care;
"There in the village we'll to rest recline,
"Mean as it is I try to make it thine.
"When the first rays their cheering crimson shed,
"We'll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread,
"See vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves display,
"Supporting tendrils curling all the way,
"See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
"And smell pomegranate blossoms as they blow;

"There will I give my loves, employ my care,
" And as my labours thrive approve me there:
" Scarce have we pafs'd my gate the fcent we meet,
" My covering jeffamine diffufe a fweet,
" My fpicy flow'rets, mingled as they fly,
" With doubling odours crowd a balmy fky.
" Now all the fruits which crown the feafon view,
" Thefe nearer fruits are old, and thofe are new,
" And thefe, and all of ev'ry loaded tree,
" My Love! I gather, and referve for thee.
" If then thy Spoufe's labour pleafe thee well,
" Oh! like my brethren with thy fifter dwell;
" No blamelefs maid, whofe fond careffes meet
" An infant-brother in the public ftreet,
" Clings to its lips with lefs referve, than I
" Would hang on thine where'er I found thee nigh:
" No fhame would make me from thy fide remove,
" No danger make me not confefs thy love.
" Straight to my mother's houfe, thine Ifrael fhe,
" (And thou my monarch wouldft arrive with me)
" 'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to ftay
" Till thou, by her, inftruct my foul to pray;
" There fhalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
" And feel my joy to find me wholly thine.
" Oh! while my foul were fick thro' fond defire,
" Thine hands fhould hold me left my life expire;
" As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
" This holds the head, and that enfolds the waift."

" So caſt thy cares on me," the Lover cry'd:
" Lean to my boſom, lean, my lovely Bride!
" And now, ye Daughters of the realm of Bliſs!
" Let nothing diſcompoſe a love like this,
" But guard her reſt from each approach of ill;
" I caus'd her languor, guard her while ſhe will."
Here pauſe the lines, but ſoon the lines renew;
Once more the pair celeſtial come to view.
Ah! ſeek them once, my raviſh'd Fancy! more,
And then thy Songs of Solomon are o'er;
By yon' green bank purſue their orb of light,
The ſun ſhines out, but ſhines not half ſo bright;
See Salem's maids in white attend the King,
They greet the Spouſes — hark to what they ſing.
" Who from the deſert, where the wand'ring clouds
" High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
" 'Tis ſhe, the Spouſe! Oh! favour'd o'er the reſt,
" Who walks reclin'd by ſuch a lover's breaſt."
The Spouſe rejoicing heard the kind ſalute,
And thus addreſs'd him—all the reſt were mute.
" Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
" I went, my much Belov'd! in ſearch of thee;
" For thee like one in pangs of travail ſtrove,
" Hence none may wonder if I gain thy love.
" As ſeals their pictures to the wax impart,
" So let my picture ſtamp thy gentle heart;
" As fix'd the ſignets on our hands remain,
" So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again;

" For love is ſtrong as death, whene'er they ſtrike,
" Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike:
" But dread to loſe love mix'd with jealous dread;
" As ſoon the marble tomb reſign the dead;
" Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
" The fire intenſe, and thine the moſt of all;
" To ſlack the points no chilling floods are found;
" Nay, ſhould afflictions roll like floods around,
" Were wealth of nations offer'd, all wou'd prove
" Too ſmall a danger or a price for love.
" If then with love this world of worth agree,
" With ſoft regard our little ſiſter ſee,
" How far unapt as yet, like maids that own
" No breaſts at all, or breaſts but hardly grown.
" Her part of proſelyte is ſcarce a part,
" Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
" Her day draws nearer; what have we to do
" Leſt ſhe be aſk'd, and prove unworthy too?"
"Deſpair not, Spouſe!" he cries; "we'll find the means;
" Her good beginnings aſk the greater pains:
" Let her but ſtand ſhe thrives: a wall too low
" Is not rejected for the ſtanding ſo:
" What falls is only loſt: we'll build her high,
" Till the rich palace glitters in the ſky.
" The door that's weak, (what need we ſpare the coſt?)
" If 'tis a door, we need not think it loſt;
" The leaves ſhe brings us, if thoſe leaves be good,
" We'll cloſe in cedar's uncorrupting wood."

Rapt with the news, the Spouſe converts her eyes,
"And, oh! Companions!" to the maids ſhe cries,
"What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day
"Which calls our ſiſter?—Hark, I hear her ſay,
"Yes, I'm a wall: lo! ſhe that boaſted none,
"Now boaſts of breaſts unmeaſurably grown;
"Large tow'ry buildings, where ſecurely reſts
"A thouſand thouſand of my lover's gueſts;
"The vaſt increaſe affords his heart delight,
"And I find favour in his heav'nly ſight."
The lover here, to make her rapture laſt,
Thus adds aſſurance to the promiſe paſt.
"A ſpacious vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,
"The vintage ſet by Solomon to ſale,
"His keepers took, and ev'ry keeper paid
"A thouſand purſes for the gains he made.
"And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
"A large increaſe, but my return exceeds.
"Let Solomon receive his keepers' pay,
"He gains his thouſand, their two hundred they;
"Mine is mine own, 'tis in my preſence ſtill,
"And ſhall increaſe the more the more ſhe will.
"My Love! my Vineyard! Oh the future ſhoots
"Which fill my garden-rows with ſacred fruits!
"I ſaw the liſt'ning maids attend thy voice,
"And in their liſt'ning ſaw their eyes rejoice;
"A due ſucceſs thy words of comfort met,
"Now turn to me—'tis I would hear the yet.

“ Say, Dove! and Spotleſs! for I muſt away;
“ Say, Spouſe! and Siſter! all you wiſh to ſay.”
He ſpake, the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightneſs if the Chriſt retire?)
Gold-bord'ring purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the Spouſe addreſs'd the pray'r.
“ Deſire of Nations! if thou muſt be gone,
“ Accept our wiſhes all compriz'd in one;
“ We wait thine advent; oh! we long to ſee,
“ I and my ſiſter, both as one in thee.
“ Then leave thy heav'n, and come and dwell below.
“ Why ſaid I leave?—'tis heav'n where'er you go.
“ Haſte, my Belov'd! thy promiſe haſte to crown;
“ The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down;
“ Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
“ To ſave themſelves, as thine to ſave thine own.
“ Haſte like the nimbleſt harts, that lightly bound
“ Before the ſtretches of the ſwifteſt hound,
“ With reaching feet devour a level way,
“ Acroſs their backs their branching antlers lay,
“ In the cool dews their bending body ply,
“ And bruſh the ſpicy mountains as they fly.”

JONAH.

Thus ſung the king—Some angel reach a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wiſeſt brow.
And now, thou faireſt garden ever made,
Broad banks of ſpices, bloſſom'd walks of ſhade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I muſt leave thee, Lebanon! farewell.
Swift from my ſoul the fair idea flies,
A wilder ſight the changing ſcene ſupplies;
Wide ſeas come rolling to my future page,
And ſtorms ſtand ready when I call to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding ſhore,
The prophet Jonah juſt arrives before;
He ſees a ſhip unmooring, ſoft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the veſſel ſails.
Ah! wouldſt thou fly thy God? Raſh man, forbear;
What land ſo diſtant but thy God is there?
Weak Reaſon! ceaſe thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to ſleep.
Here God ſpeaks louder, ſends a ſtorm to ſea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blaſts come whiſtling, by degrees they roar,
And ſhove big ſurges tumbling on to ſhore:
The veſſel bounds, then rolls, and ev'ry blaſt
Works hard to tear her by the groaning maſt;
The ſailors, doubling all their ſhouts and cares,
Furl the white canvaſs, and caſt forth the wares;

Each ſeeks the god their native regions own;
In vain they ſeek them, for thoſe gods were none:
Yet Jonah ſlept the while, who ſolely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true:
To whom the pilot; " Sleeper! riſe and pray,
" Our gods are deaf; may thine do more than they."
But thus the reſt; " Perhaps we waft a foe
" To Heav'n itſelf, and that's our cauſe of woe;
" Let's ſeek by lots, if Heav'n be pleas'd to tell,"
And what they ſought by lots on Jonah fell.
" Then whence he came, and who, and what, and why?"
Thus rag'd the tempeſt, all confus'dly cry;
Each preſs'd in haſte to get his queſtion heard,
When Jonah ſtops them with a grave regard.
" An Hebrew man you ſee, who God revere;
" He made this world, and makes this world his care:
" His the whirl'd ſky, theſe waves that lift their head,
" And his yon' land on which you long to tread:
" He charg'd me late to Nineveh repair,
" And to their face denounce his ſentence there.
" Go, ſaid the viſion, Prophet, preach to all,
" Yet forty days, and Ninevah ſhall fall.
" But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
" And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad ſhould live,
" And if they turn they live; then what were I
" But ſome falſe prophet when they fail to die?
" Or what, I fancy'd, had the Gentiles, too,
" With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?

"Drawn by the wilful thoughts my ſoil I run,
"I fled his preſence, and the work's undone."
The ſtorm increaſes as the prophet ſpeaks,
O'er the toſs'd ſhip a foaming billow breaks,
She riſes pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence deſcries a thouſand watry graves,
Then downward ruſhing, watry mountains hide
Her hulk beneath in deaths on ev'ry ſide.
"O!" cry the ſailors all, "thy fact was ill;
"Yet, if a prophet, ſpeak thy Maſter's will;
"What part is ours with thee? can ought remain
"To bring the bleſſings of a calm again?"
Then Jonah—Mine's the death will beſt atone,
"(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own)
"Ariſe, and caſt me forth; the wind will ceaſe,
"The ſea ſubſiding wear the looks of peace,
"And you ſecurely ſteer; for well I ſee
"Myſelf the criminal, the ſtorm for me."
Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe reſulting from a prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die,
Fear pleads againſt him, leſt they pow'r defy.
If then to aid the flight abets the ſin,
They think to land him where they took him in:
Perhaps to quit the cauſe might end the woe,
And God appeaſing, let the veſſel go.
For this they fix their oars, and ſtrike the main,
But God withſtands them, and they ſtrike in vain.

The ſtorm increaſes more with want of light;
Low black'ning clouds involve the ſhip in night;
Thick batt'ring rains fly thro' the driving ſkies;
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born Horror drew,
And his or theirs, or both their fates, they view.
Then thus to God they cry; " Almighty Pow'r,
" Whom we ne'er knew till this deſpairing hour,
" From this devoted blood thy ſervants free,
" To us he's innocent, if ſo to thee;
" In all the paſt we ſee thy wondrous hand,
" And that he periſh think it thy command."
This pray'r perform'd, they caſt the prophet o'er,
A ſurge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then ſtills the thunder, ceaſe the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew,
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Thro' ev'ry breaking ſhoots a cheerful day;
The ſea, which rag'd ſo loud, accepts the prize;
A while it rolls, then all the tempeſt dies;
By gradual ſinking flat the ſurface grows,
And ſafe the veſſel with the ſailors goes.
The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murm'ring a while, to reſt his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at eaſe.

Bleſs'd with the ſudden calm, the ſailors own
That wretched Jonah worſhipp'd right alone,
Then make their vows, the victim-ſheep prepare,
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.
Now, tho' you fear to loſe the pow'r to breathe,
Now tho' you tremble, Fancy! dive beneath;
What world of wonders in the deep are ſeen,
But this the greateſt——Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime has found a dungeon too.
God ſent a monſter of the frothing ſea,
Fit by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him ſtill alive; this hulk receives
The falling prophet as he daſh'd the waves:
There newly wak'd, from fancy'd death he lies,
And oft' again in apprehenſion dies,
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of ſleep,
He turn'd and toſs'd him up and down the deep;
He thinks the judgment of the ſtrangeſt kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord deſign'd;
Yet ſince he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That's time for pray'r, and thus a ground for praiſe,
" From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
" (This new contrivance of a hell to me)
" To thee, my God! I cry'd; my full diſtreſs
" Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my ſoul redreſs.
" Caſt to the deep, I fell by thy command,
" Caſt in the midſt beyond the reach of land;

“ Then to the midſt brought down, the ſeas abide
“ Beneath my feet, the ſeas on ev'ry ſide,
“ In ſtorms the billow, and in calms the wave,
“ Are moving cov'rings to my wand'ring grave.
“ Forc'd by deſpair I cry'd, how to my coſt
“ I fled thy preſence, oh! for ever loſt!
“ But hope revives my ſoul, and makes me ſay,
“ Yet tow'rds thy temple ſhall I turn and pray;
“ Or if I know not here where Salem lies,
“ Thy Temple's heav'n, and faith has inward eyes.
“ Alas! the waters which my whale ſurround
“ Have thro' my ſorrowing ſoul a paſſage found;
“ And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
“ New thoughts of danger all his paths ſupply.
“ The laſt of deeps affords the laſt of dread,
“ And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
“ Now o'er the ſand his rollings ſeem to go,
“ Where the big mountains root their baſe below;
“ And now to rocks and clefts their courſe they take,
“ Earth's endleſs bars, too ſtrong for me to break:
“ Yet from th' abyſs, my God! thy grace divine
“ Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
“ Still as I toſs'd, I ſcarce retain'd my breath,
“ My ſoul was ſick within, and faint to death.
“ 'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
“ And to thy temple flew the pray'rs I made.
“ The men whom lying vainty inſnares
“ Forſake thy mercy, that which might be theirs;
“ But I will pay——My God! my King! receive
“ The ſolemn vows my full affection gave,

" When in thy temple for a pſalm I ſing
" Salvation only from my God, my King."
Thus ends the prophet firſt from Canaan ſent
To let the Gentiles know they muſt repent:
God hears and ſpeaks; the whale at God's command
Heaves to the light, and caſts him forth to land.
With long fatigue, with unexpected eaſe,
Oppreſs'd a while, he lies aſide the ſeas;
His eyes, tho' glad, in ſtrange aſtoniſh'd way
Stare at the golden front of cheerful Day;
Then ſlowly rais'd he ſees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd he wrote to ſing again.
The ſong recorded brings his vow to mind,
He muſt be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
Straight to the work he ſhun'd he flies in haſte,
(That ſeems his vow, or ſeems a part at leaſt)
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall;
Fear ſeiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes,
All faſt with penitence, and God forgives.
Nor yet of uſe the prophet's ſuff'ring fails;
Hell's deep black boſom more than ſhews the whales;
But ſome reſemblance brings a type to view,
The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
" A race," the Saviour cries, " a ſinful race,
" Tempts for a ſign the pow'rs of heav'nly grace;
" And let them take the ſign; As Jonah lay
" Three days and nights within the fiſh of prey,
" So ſhall the Son of Man deſcend below,
" Earth's op'ning entrails ſhall retain him ſo."

My Soul! now ſeek the ſong, and find me there
What Heav'n has ſhewn thee to repel deſpair.
See where from hell ſhe breaks the crumbling ground,
Her hairs ſtand upright, and they ſtare around;
Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
Lean ſharp'ning looks deform her livid face;
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below
With fire and blood two wand'ring eyeballs glow:
Fill'd are her arms with num'rous aids to kill,
And God ſhe fancies but the judge of ill.
Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! thou ſee'ſt the paſſion nigh,
Daughter of Promiſe, oh! forbear to fly;
Aſſurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
Cloſe thy blue wings, and ſtand thy deadly foe;
The judge of ill is ſtill the Lord of grace,
As ſuch behold him in the prophet's caſe,
Caſt to be drown'd, devour'd within the ſea,
Sunk to the deep, and yet reſtor'd to day.
  Oh, love the Lord, my Soul! whoſe parent care
So rules the world he puniſhes to ſpare.
If heavy grief my downcaſt heart oppreſs,
My body danger, or my ſtate diſtreſs,
With low ſubmiſſion in thy temper bow,
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
With hopes of comfort kiſs the chaſt'ning rod,
And, ſhunning mad deſpair, repoſe in God;
Then whatſo'er the prophet's vow deſign,
Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach and broad expanſe of ſea
To lofty Salem, Thought! direct thy way,
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.
  How ſwiftly Thought has paſs'd from land to land,
And quite outrun Time's meas'ring glaſs of ſand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I reſort
To view the ſtate of Hezekiah's court.
  Well may that king a pious verſe inſpire,
Who cleans'd the Temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the ſervice David fix'd before,
That heav'nly muſic might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white he made the Levites ſtand,
With cymbals, harps, and pſalt'ries, in their hand;
He gave the prieſts their trumpets, prompt to raiſe
The tuneful ſoul by force of ſound to praiſe:
A ſkilful maſter for the ſong he choſe,
The ſongs were David's theſe, and Aſaph's thoſe:
Then burns their off'ring, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his inſtrument to join the voice;
The trumpets ſounded, and the ſingers ſung,
The people worſhipp'd, and the Temple rung:
Each, while the victim burns, preſents his heart,
Then the prieſt bleſſes, and the people part.
  Hail, ſacred Muſic! ſince you know to draw
The ſoul to heav'n, the ſpirit to the law,
I come to prove thy force; thy warbling ſtring
May tune my ſoul to write what others ſing.
  But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliſs, [this?
Theſe ſighs and groans? what means the realm by

What ſolemn ſorrow dwells in ev'ry ſtreet!
What fear confounds the downcaſt looks I meet!
Alas the King! Whole nations ſink with woe
When righteous kings are ſummon'd hence to go.
The King lies ſick, and thus to ſpeak his doom
The prophet, grave Iſaiah, ſtalks the room:
" Oh, Prince! thy ſervant, ſent from God, believe;
" Set all in order, for thou can'ſt not live."
Solemn he ſaid, and ſighing left the place;
Deep prints of horror furrow'd ev'ry face,
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
Black gaping marbles of their monarch's tombs;
A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
And wars deſtructive e'er they fix the throne.
Straight to the wall he turn'd with dark deſpair,
('Twas tow'rds the Temple, or for private pray'r)
And thus to God the pious monarch ſpoke,
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen ſerpent broke;
" Remember, Lord! with what a heart for right,
" What care for truth, I walk'd within thy ſight."
'Twas thus with terror, pray'rs, and tears, he toſs'd,
When the mid-court the grave Iſaiah croſs'd,
Whom in the cedar columns of the ſquare
Meets a ſweet angel hung in glitt'ring air:
Seiz'd with a trance he ſtopp'd; before his eye
Clears a rais'd arch of viſionary ſky,
Where, as a minute paſs'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and ſouth'd and ſet in night;
A moon ſucceeding leads the ſtarry train,
She glides, and ſinks her ſilver horns again:

A ſecond fancy'd morning drives the ſhades;
Clos'd by the dark the ſecond ev'ning fades;
The third bright dawn awakes, and ſtraight he ſees
The Temple riſe, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice.
" Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
" And, Seer! relate him what thy viſions ſhow;
" The Lord has heard his words, and ſeen his tears,
" And thro' fifteen extends his future years."
  Here to the room, prepar'd with diſmal black,
The prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
" Oh, Monarch! hail," he cry'd; " thy words are heard,
" Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
" God gives thee fifteen years; when thrice a-day
" Shews the round ſun, within the Temple pray."
  " When thrice the day!" ſurpris'd, the monarch cries,
" When thrice the ſun! what pow'r have I to riſe!
" But if thy comfort's human or divine,
" 'Tis ſhort to prove it——give thy prince a ſign."
" Behold," the prophet cry'd, (and ſtretch'd his hands)
" Againſt yon' lattice where the dial ſtands,
" Now ſhall the ſun a backward journey go
" Thro' ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below."
" 'Tis eaſier poſting Nature's airy track,"
Replies the monarch; " Let the ſun go back."
Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,
Back went the ſun, and back purſu'd the ſhade.
  Cheer'd by the ſign, and by the prophet heal'd,
What ſacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!

As ſickly ſwallows, when a ſummer ends,
Who miſs'd the paſſage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the ſleepers dead,
If yet their warmth new days of ſummer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to ſing;
So far'd the monarch; ſick to death he lay,
His court deſpair'd, and watch'd the laſt decay;
At length new favour ſhines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he ſings; 'tis thus the ſong remains.

"I ſaid, My God! when in the loath'd diſeaſe
"Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,
"Now to the grave with mournful haſte I go,
"Now Death unbars his ſable gates below.
"How might my years by courſe of nature laſt?
"But thou pronounc'd it, and the proſpect paſt.
"I ſaid, My God! thy ſervant now no more
"Shall in thy Temple's ſacred courts adore;
"No more on earth with living man converſe,
"Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable herſe.
"My life, like tents which wand'ring ſhepherds raiſe,
"Proves a ſhort dwelling, and removes at eaſe.
"My ſins purſue me; ſee the deadly band;
"My God, who ſees them, cuts me from the land;
"As when a weaver finds his labour ſped,
"Swift from the beam he parts the faſt'ning thread;
"With pining ſickneſs all from night to day,
"From day to night, he makes my ſtrength decay:
"Reck'ning the time, I roll with reſtleſs groans,
"Till with a lion's force he cruſh my bones,

" New morning dawns, but, like the morning paſt,
" 'Tis day, 'tis night, and ſtill my ſorrows laſt.
" Now ſcreaming like the crane my words I ſpoke,
" Now like the ſwallow, chatt'ring, quick, and broke;
" Now like the doleful dove, when on the plains
" Her mourning tone affects the liſt'ning ſwains.
" To heav'n for aid my wearying eyes I throw,
" At length they're weary'd quite, and ſink with woe:
" From Death's arreſt for ſome delays I ſue,
" Thou, Lord! who judg'd me, thou repriev'd me too.
" Rapture of joy! what can thy ſervant ſay?
" He ſent his prophet to prolong my day;
" Thro' my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
" Thus ſaid the Lord, and this himſelf has done.
" Soft ſhall I walk, and, well ſecur'd from fears,
" Poſſeſs the comforts of my future years.
" Keep ſoft my heart, keep humble while they roll,
" Nor e'er forget my bitterneſs of ſoul.
" 'Tis by the means thy ſacred words ſupply
" That mankind live, but in peculiar I:
" A ſecond grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
" And my rais'd ſpirits doubly ſeem to live.
" Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
" 'Twas then I felt my ſtroke of humbling pain;
" Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to ſink,
" God lov'd my ſoul, and ſnatch'd me from the brink;
" He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
" As men who paſs accounts and caſt them by. [claim?
" What mouth has Death which can thy praiſe pro-
" What tongue the Grave, to ſpeak thy glorious name?

" Or will the ſenſeleſs dead exult with mirth,
" Mov'd to their hope by promiſes on earth?
" The living, Lord! the living only praiſe,
" The living, only fit to ſing thy lays;
" Theſe feel thy favours, theſe thy Temple ſee,
" Theſe raiſe the ſong, as I this day, to thee :
" Nor will thy truth the preſent only reach,
" This the good fathers ſhall their offspring teach,
" Report the bleſſings which adorn my page,
" And hand their own with mine from age to age.
" So when the Maker heard his creature crave,
" So kindly roſe his ready will to ſave.
" Then march we ſolemn tow'rds the Temple door,
" While all our joyful muſic ſounds before;
" There on this day thro' all my life appear,
" When this comes round in each returning year;
" There ſtrike the ſtrings, our voices jointly raiſe,
" And let his dwellings hear my ſongs of praiſe."
Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Deſign'd for public when he went to pray;
I'll think the perfect compoſition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's ſons.
Then ſince the time arrives the ſeer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal recover'd, Prince! prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of pray'r.
My Fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She ſees the ſingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minſtrels follow, then the porches fill;

She wakes the num'rous inſtruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expreſſive of thy grateful ſtrains,
And liſt'ning hears the vary'd tune ſhe feigns.
From a grave pitch to ſpeak the monarch's woe,
The notes flow down, and deeply ſound below,
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of eaſe
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with diſcord, when the crane
Screams in the notes thro' ſharper ſenſe of pain;
There run with deſcant on, and taught to ſhake
When pangs repeated force the voice to break;
Now like the dove they murmur, till in ſighs
They fall, and languiſh with the failing eyes:
Then ſlowly ſlack'ning, to ſurpriſe the more,
From a dead pauſe his exclamations ſoar;
To meet briſk Health the notes aſcending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet ſtill diſtinct in parts the muſic plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praiſe;
Then all uniting ſtrongly ſtrike the ſtring,
Put forth their utmoſt breath and loudly ſing;
The wide-ſpread chorus fills the ſacred ground,
And holy tranſport ſcales the clouds with ſound.
Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.
This ſtory known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the ſign obſerv'd, or mov'd by fame;
Theſe aſk the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their god the ſun,

That thrice he drove, thro' one extent of day,
His gold-ſhod horſes in ethereal way;
Then vainly ground their gueſs on Nature's laws;
The ſoundeſt knowledge owns a greater cauſe.
  Faith knows the fact tranſcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind;
Straight to the ſong, the thankful ſong, I move,
May ſuch the voice of ev'ry creature prove,
If ev'ry creature meets its ſhare of woe,
And for kind reſcues ev'ry creature owe;
In public ſo thy Maker's praiſe proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears conceal with ſhame.
  'Tis there the miniſtry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchſaf'd of late,
Then joins the church, and begs thro' all our days
Not only with our lips but lives to praiſe.
  'Tis there our ſov'reigns, for a ſignal day
The feaſt proclaim'd, their ſignal thanks repay:
O'er the long ſtreets we ſee the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah ſtill;
In the bleſs'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whoſe ſweet notes our raviſh'd ſouls aſpire;
Side anſw'ring ſide we hear and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raiſe the ſong, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the baſe to wed the treble voice;
Arts ſoft'ning echoes in the muſic ſound,
And anſw'ring natures from the roof rebound.
  Here cl[illegible]y Verſe! the ſervice aſks no more;
P[illegible] thy good [illegible]l God, and give the tranſport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

Now leave the porch, to viſion now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat:
Now change the time, and change the Temple ſcene,
The following ſeer forewarns a future reign.
To ſome retirement where the prophets' ſons
Indulge their holy flight my fancy runs;
Some ſacred college, built for praiſe and pray'r,
And heav'nly dream, ſhe ſeeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's ſin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or ſees the viſion fram'd with angels' hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converſe if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear:
This deep receſs portends an act of weight,
A meſſage lab'ring with the work of Fate.
  Methinks the ſkies have loſt their lovely blue,
A ſtorm rides fiery, thick the clouds enſue.
Fall'n to the ground, with proſtrate face I lie,
Oh! 'twere the ſame in this to gaze and die.
But hark, the prophet's voice; my pray'rs complain
Of labour ſpent, of preaching urg'd in vain.
And muſt, my God! thy ſorrowing ſervant ſtill
Quit my lone joys to walk this world of ill,
Where ſpoiling rages, ſtrife and wrong command,
And the ſlack'd laws no longer curb [illegible] land?

At this a ſtrange and more than human ſound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
" Behold, ye Gentiles! wond'ring all behold,
" What ſcarce ye credit tho' the work be told,
" For, lo! the proud Chaldean troops I raiſe,
" To march the breadth, and all the region ſeize,
" Fierce as the prowling wolves at cloſe of day,
" And ſwift as eagles in purſuit of prey:
" As eaſtern winds to blaſt the ſeaſon blow,
" For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe,
" Leads the ſad captives countleſs as the ſand,
" Derides the princes, and deſtroys the land;
" Yet theſe triumphant grown offend me more,
" And only thank the gods they choſe before."
" Art thou not Holieſt!" Here the prophet cries,
" Supreme, Eternal, of the pureſt eyes?
" And ſhall thoſe eyes the wicked realms regard,
" Their crimes be great, yet vict'ry their reward?
" Shall theſe ſtill ravage more and more to reign,
" Draw the full net, and caſt to fill again?
" As watchmen ſilent ſit, I wait to ſee
" How ſolves my doubt, what ſpeaks the Lord to me."
" Then go," the Lord replies, "ſuſpend thy fears,
" And write the viſion for a term of years.
" Thy foes will feel their turn when thoſe are paſt;
" Wait, tho' it tarry, ſure it comes at laſt.
" 'Tis for their rapine, luſts, and thirſt of blood,
" And all their unprotecting gods of wood:

" The Lord is preſent on his ſacred hill,
" Ceaſe thy weak doubts, and let the world be ſtill."
Here Terror leaves me with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the viſion fled;
The ſeer withdrawn, inſpir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the ſacred ſight.
His writing finiſh'd, prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burthen on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threat'nings, and the volume pray'r,
Both for the Temple, where, to ſhun decay,
Enroll'd the works of Inſpiration lay;
And awful oft' he ſtops, or marches ſlow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the ſacred wall.
'Twas large inſcrib'd, that thoſe who run might read,
" Habakkuk's burthen by the Lord decreed;
" For Judah's ſins her empire is no more,
" The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the prieſt his volume he reſign'd,
'Twas pray'r with praiſes mix'd, to raiſe the mind;
'Twas facts recounted which their fathers knew,
'Twas pow'r in wonders manifeſt to view;
'Twas comfort rais'd on love already paſt,
And hope that former love returns at laſt.
The prieſts within the propheſy convey'd,
The ſingers tunes to join his anthem made:

Hear and attend the words; and, holy Thou!
That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.
"O Lord! who rules the world, with mortal ear
" I've heard thy judgments, and I ſhake for fear.
" O Lord! by whom their number'd years we find,
" E'en in the midſt receive the drooping mind;
" E'en in the midſt thou canſt—then make it known
" Thy love, thy will, thy power, to ſave thine own.
" Remember mercy tho' thine anger burn,
" And ſoon to Salem bid thy flock return.
" O Lord! who gav'ſt it with an outſtretch'd hand,
" We well remember how thou gav'ſt the land.
" God came from Teman; ſouthward ſprung the
" From Paran mount the One that's holy came; [flame,
" A glitt'ring glory made the deſert blaze,
" High heav'n was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praiſe.
" Dazzling the brightneſs, not the ſun ſo bright,
" 'Twas here the pure ſubſtantial fount of light
" Shot from his hand and ſide in golden ſtreams,
" Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
" Thus ſhone his coming as ſublimely fair
" As bounded Nature has been fram'd to bear,
" But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
" Nor what he could was known, but what he did:
" Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
" To waſte the nations in the Promis'd Land;
" A ſcorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
" And burning fevers were the coals of God:

" Fix'd on the mount he ſtood, his meas'ring reed
" Marks the rich realms for Jacob's ſeed decreed ;
" He looks with anger, and the nations fly
" From the fierce ſparklings of his dreadful eye ;
" He turns, the mountain ſhakes its awful brow ;
" Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
" How glory there, how terror here, diſplays
" His great, unknown, yet everlaſting ways !
" I ſee the ſable tents along the ſtrand
" Where Cuſhan wander'd deſolately ſtand,
" And Midian's high pavilions ſhake with dread,
" While the tam'd ſeas thy reſcu'd nation tread.
" What burſt the path ? what made the Lord engage?
" Could waters anger, ſeas incite, thy rage ?
" That thus thine horſes force the foaming tide,
" And all the chariots of ſalvation ride.
" Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy ſwore,
" Thoſe oaths, that promiſe, Iſrael had before.
" The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
" The wond'ring deſert lends them beds below.
" Thy might the mountains' heaving ſhocks confeſt,
" High-ſhatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the reſt :
" Great Jordan paſs'd its nether waters by,
" Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high :
" Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
" Curling aroſe, and had no leave to fall:
" The ſun effulgent, and the moon ſerene,
" Stopp'd by thy will, their heav'nly courſe refrain ;

“ The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
“ Till wars completed cloſe the lengthen'd day.
“ Thy glitt'ring ſpears, thy rattling darts prevail,
“ Thy ſpears of lightning and thy darts of hail.
“ 'Twas thou that march'd againſt their Heathen band,
“ Rage in thy viſage, and thy flail in hand;
“ 'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
“ The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:
“ Torn from their earth they feel the deſp'rate wound,
“ And pow'r unfounded fails for want of ground.
“ With village-war thy Tribes, where'er they go,
“ Diſtreſs the remnant of the ſcatter'd foe;
“ Yet mad they ruſh'd as whirling wind deſcends,
“ And deem'd for friendleſs thoſe the Lord befriends.
“ Thy trampling horſe from ſea to ſea ſubdue,
“ The bounding ocean left no more to do.
“ O when I heard what thou vouchſaf'dſt to win
“ With works of wonder muſt be loſt for ſin,
“ I quak'd thro' fear, the voice forſook my tongue,
“ Or at my lips with quiv'ring accent hung;
“ Dry leanneſs ent'ring to my marrow came,
“ And ev'ry looſ'ning nerve unſtrung my frame.
“ How ſhall I reſt, in what protecting ſhade,
“ When the day comes, and hoſtile troops invade?
“ Tho' neither bloſſoms on the fig appear,
“ Nor vines with cluſters deck the purpling year;
“ Tho' all our labours olive-trees belie,
“ Tho' fields the ſubſtance of the bread deny;

" Tho' flocks are ſever'd from the ſilent fold,
" And the rais'd ſtalls no lowing cattle hold,
" Yet ſhall my ſoul be glad, in God rejoice,
" Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice,
" Yet to my Saviour ſtill my temper ſings,
" What David ſet to inſtruments of ſtrings;
" The Lord's my ſtrength, like hinds he makes my feet.
" Yon' mount's my refuge, I as ſafely fleet,
" Or, (if the ſong's apply'd) he makes me ſtill
" Expect returning to Moriah's hill."
In all this hymn what daring grandeur ſhines!
What darting glory rays among the lines!
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and ſmokes, are ſeen!
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within!
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a ſtubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work ſincere affection glows,
While Truth's firm rein the courſe of Fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine preſides.
Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongſt eternal attributes on high,
And here I touch at love ſupremely fair,
And now at pow'r, anon at mercy there;
So like a warbling bird my tunes I raiſe
On thoſe green boughs the tree of Life diſplays,
Whoſe twelve fair fruits each month by turns receives,
And for the nations healing ope their leaves:

Then be the nations heal'd, for this I ſing
Deſcending ſoftly from the prophet's wing.
  Thou, World! attend, the caſe of Iſrael ſee,
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.
If love be ſhewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to love;
If pow'r be ſhewn, and wonderfully ſo,
Wonder, and thank, adore, and bow below;
If pow'r that led thee now no longer lead,
But brow-bent Juſtice draws the flaming blade,
When love is ſcorn'd, when ſin the ſword provokes,
Let tears and pray'rs avert or heal the ſtrokes;
If Juſtice leaves to wound, and thou to groan
Beneath new lords in countries not thine own,
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cauſe of praiſe;
Then love returns, and while no ſins divide
The firm alliance, pow'r will ſhield thy ſide.
  See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms aſſiſted here, and puniſh'd there;
O'er the juſt circle caſt thy wond'ring eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and ſtudy to be wiſe.

CONTENTS.

Bacchus, or, the drunken metamorphosis
On Queen Anne's peace, anno 1713,
Elysium,
The judgment of Paris,
A Riddle,
On Mrs. A. R. leaving London,
On the B—p of S—,
Moses,
Deborah,
Hannah,
David,
Solomon,
Jonah,
Hezekiah,
Habakkuk,

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THE